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# LETTERS



## Our Lady of Fatima

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The way Catholics are responding to Our Lady of Fatima's request is little short of scandalous. Cannot something be done to awaken them before it is too late?

JAMES F. LOUGHLIN

Binghamton, N. Y.

## Catholic Countries

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read an article in THE SIGN for October entitled "A Judgment on Spain" by Michael de la Bedoyere, and, while I was born in Ireland, I do not quite agree with these sentences: "Now I do not think that anyone can deny that Spain is a Catholic country. Indeed I know of no other country save Ireland which possesses an equal right to this title."

What about Catholic Poland which played such a prominent part in the history of the Catholic Church, especially the constant repulse of the Tartars and Turks who were hammering at the gates of Eastern Europe. Indeed, on several occasions, the Supreme Pontiffs of our Church have named Poland the bulwark of Catholicism in that part of Europe. So I really feel that the writer should have said Ireland and Poland.

JOHN JOSEPH FITZPATRICK

New York, N. Y.

Ed: We agree. The statement was too restrictive.

## Home Study

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We conduct a free correspondence course in the basic beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church. The course is designed for Catholics as well as interested non-Catholics who wish to know more about the Church and her teachings. We would welcome a response from busy priests who could use our help in instructing prospective converts, as well as from the laity who may know someone interested in the Church. Full details will be sent to anyone on request.

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## "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations to THE SIGN for using Father Earley's fine story, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," in your August issue. Those of us who read it as it appeared originally in *The Woman's Home Companion* were delighted to read it again and to realize once again how gratifying it is to come upon a tale well told.

MARY LANIGAN HEALY

## "The Least of These"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I thank you for publishing in the November issue the article, "The Least of These." In two pages, E. C. O. has, from the depth of a mother's heart, written a story beautiful in its courageous understanding and forceful in its appeal. I well know how urgent is this appeal.

In my twenty-one years as principal of a Chicago Public School for Crippled, my most heartbreaking experiences were interviews with parents of mentally defective children. The public day school can admit only those sub-normal children whose intelligence quotient is at least fifty. For the child below this level, both public and private provision is hopelessly inadequate.

ANNA HENRY

Chicago, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"The Least of These" touched me to the quick. Just two years ago, we buried our own "hopeless defective" cherub.

Americans were duly shocked at the news that Hitler's hordes were gassing mental defectives. Yet our own attitude isn't too much better. Like E. C. O. we were appalled at the lack of interest in the welfare of these small, imperfect "temples of the Holy Ghost," the lack of institutions to care for them, the utter indifference of many doctors. The general attitude of the medical profession is that they are just wasting their time in this type of research.

"But of course it couldn't happen to us—our family is so normal." That sentence is probably the base of the whole pillar of indifference to the fate of these small unfortunate. Yet I wouldn't be too sure—in the course of our frantic searching we came across a bank vice-president, a well-to-do broker, a college professor, and one of our "best" pediatricians, all the not-so-proud parents of mental defectives in this section of Ohio. If one did a sort of Gallup poll of the whole country, the results would doubtless be even more discouraging. If you, the reader, can help further the welfare of "the least of these," it certainly behooves you to do so, because you might well be the next to acquire one.

J. K. M.

## Correction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Another very good editorial in the October issue of THE SIGN. But isn't "your slip showing" on page 9? Wasn't it the Danube, not the Rhine, the Reds pre-empted? I couldn't be sure, but even your picture looks more like the Danube up above the "Iron Gate" than it does the Rhine.

HERMANN F. ARENDT

Cocoa, Fla.

Ed: It is the Rhine River with a comment on the Danube. Sorry, we had no intention of extending Russian lines.

## Pro Football

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I certainly agree that Don Dunphy is doing an excellent job, both on the air and in print, and he has always been constructive where the AAFC is concerned.

It is my personal feeling that both major leagues will go broke unless they can get together for pre-season exhibition contests and

[Continued on Page 77]



# The Sign

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## ARTICLES

### The American Scene

- Ought-a Be a Law.....John J. Daly 20  
They Give Themselves.....Samuel LaVallee 46  
The Missing Ingredient.....Edward A. Connell 58

### The World Scene

- Yugoslav-Soviet Divorce.....Bogdan Raditsa 9  
Australia—Land of Promise?.....Edwards Park 37

### Various

- Baby.....Lucille Hasley 12  
One Eye on Heaven.....Frank Scully 18  
Art and Religion (Picture Story).....24  
The Christ Child's Bed.....Louise Edna Goeden 32

## SHORT STORIES

- The Christmas Present.....Dorothy M. Nielson 14  
Grandpa Casey Returns.....Brassil Fitzgerald 40  
Christmas Is Like That.....Leslie Gordon Barnard 48

## EDITORIALS

- Loose Thinking.....Ralph Gorman, C.P. 4  
Current Fact and Comment.....5

## THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

- A Letter to a Missionary.....Rudolph R. Caputo 54  
Special Christmas Dispatch.....56

## ENTERTAINMENT

- Stage and Screen.....Jerry Cotter 21  
Radio and Television.....Dorothy Klock 27  
Sports.....Don Dunphy 30

## READING GUIDE

- Books.....62  
Fiction in Focus.....John S. Kennedy 70  
Christmas, Children, and Books.....Anne Thaxter Eaton 72

## FEATURES

- Letters.....2  
Carol of Light—Poem.....Sister Mary Ada, C.S.J. 28  
The Winter Story—Poem.....Berniece Bunn Christman 28  
In Time of Pride—Poem.....Louis J. Sanker 28  
Christmas Angels.....Walter Farrell, O.P. 29  
Sign Post.....Aloysius McDonough, C.P. 34  
Woman to Woman.....Katherine Burton 45  
People.....52  
'Twill Please Again.....61

Cover: *The Rest on the Flight Into Egypt—Gerard David, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Mellon Collection)*

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### Loose Thinking

**W**E Americans pride ourselves on being the most widely and even the most highly educated people in the world. Perhaps we are. But our education is patently lacking in training the mind to consistent and logical thinking. We can lay down exactly the same premises and in various circumstances deduce contradictory and even completely contrary conclusions.

Take a few examples of loose thinking—a few because an adequate documentation of the subject would require a volume.

Our founding fathers knew only religious and private schools; now we are being told—and many of us convinced—that only public schools are American and democratic. The First Amendment to the Constitution states: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." With the aid of the Supreme Court, this is being twisted to mean a complete divorce of religion from the state and from the education of the child. We try to teach the world the value of democracy and the superiority of ballots over bullets and in the recent presidential election 50 per cent of the eligible voters stayed home.

We fight by the side of the Soviet Union, help the Reds to defeat their enemies, give them arms and supplies, join with them in the UN, appease them at the cost of sacrificing the liberties of millions of free people, exchange social and diplomatic amenities without holding our noses. We curry favor with Tito in the hope that he might permit us to send him a few millions in Marshall Plan funds, we sit cheek by jowl with Eastern Europe's Soviet satellites and stooges in the Council and General Assembly without even feeling an itch.

In all this we are not approving Communism nor are we strengthening oppressive regimes.

But Spain! We can't send an ambassador to Spain, admit her to the UN, include her in the Marshall Plan countries, invite her to join the Western European Union, nor take advantage of her army and terrain as a defense against Communist aggression.

That would be approving Fascism and strengthening an oppressive regime!

We Americans have a profound sympathy for displaced persons. We have spent millions on them. When the first group of DP's to come under the new law arrived a few weeks ago, they received a welcome such as New York reserves for returning heroes. The newcomers were speechless and in tears at their reception.

**B**UT at Potsdam our president signed his name to an agreement which created 12 to 15 million DP's. Article XIII of the Potsdam Agreement is entitled "Orderly Transfer of German Populations." What it means is that millions of Germans whose families had lived for centuries in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Hungary were driven like animals out of these countries into a Germany already unable to feed and clothe its own wretched population. The Israelis, once the persecuted people of Europe, have reversed their role and have driven 400,000 Arabs—men, women, and children—from their homes. They are living in tents, caves, or utterly shelterless on the cold, rainy, windswept hills of Palestine, Syria, and Transjordan. And we not only make no protest, we co-operate with and encourage the persecutors.

Some of this may be sheer perversity. Most of it is due to the fact that we let others do our thinking for us; we accept ready-made opinions instead of thinking things through; we permit ourselves to be spoon-fed our ideas and convictions by press and radio rather than take the trouble to acquire them for ourselves. The result is that while we pride ourselves on being highly educated we are victims of propaganda, our minds accept completely contradictory conclusions, and our national policies are aimed in several directions at the same time.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*

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## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



*Harris and Ewing.*

**Congratulations to our fighting President!** With his own party controlling Congress, we hope for quick action on prices, housing, and other important bills.



*International.*

**Sec. of State George Marshall confers with the Holy Father on the problem of peace.** If world leaders would heed the Pope, fear of war would disappear.

Recently a Congressional subcommittee urged greater financial aid to China, describing that country as "the decisive area in the world tug of war between Communist Russia and the democratic West." The report went on to say that the fate of China will settle the fate of that half of humanity which lives in the East. Certainly our State Department and our military observers should have come to these conclusions long before now, yet our consistent policy would lead us to believe otherwise. And that accounts for the pessimistic attitude expressed by the Chinese Government over our recent national elections. No matter what promises the Republican Party held out, the very change of administration would have provided a psychological boost for the Chinese leaders who have despaired of any immediate and effective military aid from our present administration.

### Military Aid

### To China

We very generously allowed Russia to enter China during the war with Japan. She occupied Manchuria and assisted in the formation of the Chinese Red Army that has already swept across Manchuria and now threatens the whole north of China. Just recently the key city and centrally located railroad center of Mukden has fallen into their hands. The Nationalist armies under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek fought bitterly for this city for nearly a year until lack of supplies and equipment forced them to retreat. The fall of Mukden was described by Chiang Kai-shek as "the worst blow that he has suffered in the civil war with the Communists." The Generalissimo has now concentrated his last major Nationalist force against the 300,000 Communist troops near Shantung and Nanking. This battle might very well settle the fate of China. Unless military aid is forthcoming the entire north of China will soon be under the hammer and the sickle, and the south will fall easy prey to the conquerors.

As far back as March 4 of this year, General Wedemeyer, Army plans chief and wartime China theater commander, urged the House Foreign Affairs Commission to provide military aid, because, as he said: "I don't think that dollars alone can stop Communism." He was careful not to urge military participation, but military experts in a supervisory capacity such as we have in Greece and Turkey. At the same time, General MacArthur also stressed the importance of military aid and criticized by implication the present Administration for giving priority to Europe in the struggle against Communism.

In the past summer, when China received seventy-two million dollars through the ECA, Vice-President Chen Li-fu visited President Truman and asked for immediate military aid. Still the Red Army marched on. Though large shipments of grain, oil, and other goods were shipped to China at this time, the Chinese Government in Nanking stated that none of the military equipment, such as trucks, explosives,



*Acme.*  
Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer of the Atomic Energy Commission, returns from Europe. International atomic control is impossible now, due to Russia's attitude.



Western Powers convert an old warehouse into a new University of Berlin. The old one is in the Russian Zone. A good start in developing democratic leaders.

and ammunition had actually reached China because priority lists had only recently been worked out.

The serious implications of this situation are obvious. Unless substantial military assistance is given to China immediately, the Communists will soon control directly some further millions of people. Our huge expenses for aid and occupation in Korea and Japan will be just so much money down the drain. Apart from the financial angle, the entire East will be in danger of complete Communist control. China will provide many excellent bases for the large submarine fleet and air force of Russians. The Pacific will once more be a difficult battle area.

Perhaps we have become too accustomed to looking toward Europe as the battleground for the fight against Communism. Perhaps the clear, orderly military mind of General Marshall did detect many flaws in the Nationalist Government of China. Yet, if we continue to keep our gaze fixed almost exclusively on Europe, we may get a stab in the back from the East once more. China has been our long-suffering ally, and, as Rep. Francis P. Bolton says, "The U.S. must give China a guaranty of territorial and political integrity and an immediate economic shot in the arm." More than this, China needs substantial military aid if she is going to carry on as an independent nation.

The trend of our fancy has always been away from the city and toward the suburbs. But, oddly enough, it is a city life and not a suburban one that we are destined for. St.

## Town and Country

John describes it in the book of his revelations. The city is closed with a great wall. It has twelve gates attended by twelve angelic janitors. The wall is jasper and the buildings are of gold. Its foundations are every kind of precious stone, and the gates are single pearls such as have never been found in the sea. Those have mansions in this heavenly city whose names are written in the Saviour's book.

Oddly enough, too, the Saviour made His appearance as a suburbanite. His suburb belonged to the city of David. His cottage was not much—a cave converted into a barn. But it had all the other pleasant suburban fixtures—wide spaces of lawn neatly trimmed by the browsing of sheep, a sky clean and blazing with stars—no skyscrapers, no factory stacks. There was the smell of sweet grass, and little nature sounds like the song of crickets and cows munching hay. His mother went well with the picture, for she was a charming girl from a country village in Galilee. His guardian was a rugged looking village craftsman.

This initial phase of His mission to men we celebrate this month—the suburban phase, His birth on the pleasant fringe of David's city.

Despite any suburban aspirations we may have, may the Savior, who began His mortal career as a suburbanite, finally lead us all into the City of God.

The soul of man is a bottomless tangle of awful mysteries. And anyone who attempts a smug inventory of it will be sure to make a goose of himself. Ask George Gallup. Or Elmo Roper. Or Archibald Crossley.

## Good-by

## Harry!

Or any American, in his right senses, who "doped" the recent election. The dope was that Mr. Truman couldn't win, and Mr. Dewey couldn't lose. It was good dope—scientifically harvested, laced with statistics, dredged up in all kinds of neighborhoods and in all kinds of accents—nothing brash about it. The only shortcoming it had was that it was wrong—grotesquely, stunningly wrong.

By this time, Dewey fans will have managed to swallow the

**THE SIGN**

almost incredible lump in their throats, and Truman fans will have shaken off the hysterical glee that they were surprised into. And both sides will have re-convinced themselves that man is a hopelessly complicated piece of animated machinery that cannot be measured by any mere questionnaire.

Whether you consider the election a "break" or a catastrophe, you are entitled to be glad that the pollsters were spectacularly wrong. For some time polls have been usurping the place of facts. Guesses have been getting confused with reality. Happily, the election has blasted them apart.

Guessing is all right; for opinion is a lawful and rational product of the human mind. But a guess is not a record of fact. It is only a surmise as to what may be fact. It is good in its place. But no good out of its place.

When taken out of its place it becomes counterfeit history. Someone decides, for instance, by elaborate arithmetic that one football team is better than another. That is a guess; and up to that point everything is all right. But when he begins to act as if his team actually did beat the other team, he is being mentally sick. He should be grateful for any collision with hard fact that might bring him back to normal.

Nothing was so qualified to jolt us out of such confusion as the election of Harry Truman. The pollsters had discovered that out of a group of some thousands of people, 49 per cent favored Dewey and 44 per cent favored Truman. So far, so good. And at that point, they began to guess. They estimated that 49 per cent of the total voters would vote for Dewey on election day, and 44 per cent of them would vote for Truman. Dewey would thus be handily elected. This part of the business was opinion—a guess. Which was all-right, too. But then they made the mistake of passing out the guess as if it were a satisfactory substitute for reality—as real as if the vote had already been taken and the proportions historically verified. The public accepted it in the same spirit. But on November 2 history caught up with us, a very different history from what had been manufactured by the experts out of their fortune telling. Truman had high take on the vote. Not Dewey. History whacked us on the head; and the bump was good for us.

Don't think that we object to the practice of polling public opinion. We do not—any more than we would object to taking a census. But we would like to see a wider understanding of its limitations. Ultimately the result is a guess; perhaps a very good one—but still nothing but a guess. Like betting on the horses. It is not the handicapper that wins the race. It is the horse. Not the number of dollars played on the horse's nose; but the nimbleness with which the horse lifts his feet. Or—to return to the election—it was not the pollsters who won the election. It was Harry Truman.

Harry-eyed worship of mere public opinion may well be the basic malady of our time. At least you could make out a good case for that diagnosis. You might argue that it has given us our badly muddled moral code. The wife who could but never does have any children, likely neglects to have them because the public gives

## Public Opinion

## and Modeling Clay

her just as good a rating anyway—perhaps a smarter rating. A generation ago she would probably have had a different notion of the matter; because the public had a different notion of it.

There was a time, too, when a man would not treat himself a new wife as he treats himself to a new car—simply by turning in the old one and making some sort of financial and legal adjustment. He will do it now because the public considers it all right. He can continue to golf with the same crowd and sit in the same club.

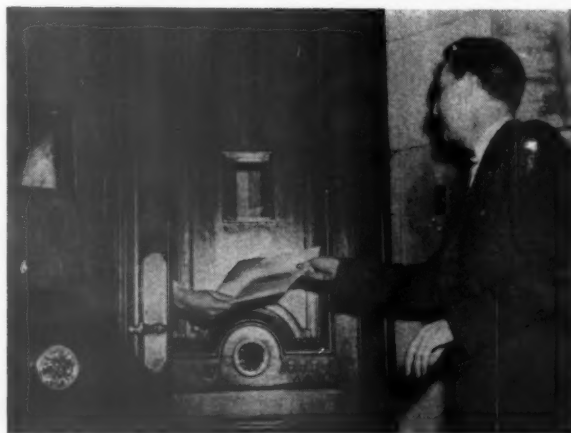
There was a time when the average "date" was not a sex orgy—as it appears to be today, judging from current litera-



*Acme.*  
A new DP Bill should be on the agenda for the 81st Congress. The very happy Polish family above was in the first group of 813 DP's to arrive in this country.



*Religious News Service.*  
Students of St. John's and St. Francis Colleges in Brooklyn picket Yugoslav Consulate. The Prelate has been imprisoned for two years. We need more protests.



*Acme.*  
A State Department official takes a note to the Soviet Embassy. Note the reception. Yet these are the people that we have to deal with to try to establish peace.





President Syngman Rhee of Korea greets Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Friendly relations will continue if we keep our promises not to allow the Reds to take over.

Acme Photos.



The Vienna Boys Choir arrives for another American tour. Their musical renditions are magnificent. Your patronage will help a very worthy Catholic cause.



G. W. McLaurin, a Negro, is forced to sit apart at the University of Oklahoma. Continued prejudice of this sort undermines the very purpose of higher education.

ture. Without doubt public opinion is responsible for the change.

You might argue that this worship of opinion can raise hob with our civil liberties also. Fortunately, at the moment the vast majority of Americans are alerted and hostile to Communism. But the reason is that the vocal group are alerted and hostile to Communism. The normal American toddles trustfully after the pronouncements of the vocal ones. What alarms us is the fact that not many years ago Americans were not alerted to Communism nor hostile to it. Remember when Soviet Russia was a cruelly misunderstood democracy? There has been a big change. But, unhappily, a very erratic one. Communism has not changed. Soviet Russia has not changed. American opinion of them, however, has changed. It changes to match any publicized opinion which is popular, or can be made to seem popular. That is very, very bad.

In this sense the recent presidential election, though it racked the political sentiments of many, has, on the side, done a real service for us all. It has sorted out fact from conjecture—even the almost unanimous conjecture of the American people. And it has warned us that there is an abyss between these two things. Opinion has its uses. But it is not and cannot be a reliable chronicle of fact. Fact is a kind of history. Opinion is a kind of prophecy. The prophecy was that Harry Truman could not win. The fact is, he did.

We approach once more the joyful season of Christmas, and neither the crude materialism that capitalizes on the feast, nor the general preoccupation with the Santa Claus legend

### The Joy of Our

### Holy Faith

can blot out the spiritual joy of this holy season. The very air is charged with the Angelic glad tidings. Accidentals that have become traditional during the holiday season may be carefully preserved. The giving of gifts, the visiting of friends, and the special Christmas dinner may be the cause of much delight, but the pervading spirit is one of heavenly joy radiating from the crib of Bethlehem. To those who know not Christ, the joy of this season may be a cause of wonderment, but, to us who have awaited the feast in a spirit of faith, it is a time when Christ once more gladdens our hearts with the proclamation of His love. For He presents Himself to us not as an awesome wonder worker in the hills of Galilee, nor in the majesty of a dying Saviour, but rather as a helpless Babe in the improvised crib, a manger. He protests His love and pleads for ours in the most endearing form of an infant. The realization of this love is the cause of our joy. "For behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

When the Apostles asked Our Lord who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He called a little child and said to them: "Indeed I tell you, unless you turn back and become like the little children, you shall by no means enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Whoever, therefore, humbles himself as this little child, he is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." Christmas challenges our humble, childlike faith. The proud cannot understand the mystery of God made Man. There is a theory that the angel Lucifer rebelled in pride when the vision of the Son of God as Man was presented to him. We like to think that the proud Lucifer was confronted with the image of the Infant of Bethlehem. For the proud and the stiff-necked cannot enter the lowly stable. It remains for us in the spirit of humble, childlike faith to kneel with Mary beside the manger. Our reward will be an overflowing abundance of joy that only He can give.

It is the sincere desire of the Staff of THE SIGN that the Infant of Bethlehem will shower upon each of our readers and friends the rich graces and blessings of this holy and joyful Season.

THE SIGN



**Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union**  
were enjoying what seemed  
to be a prolonged honeymoon. Then  
came the break. Tito's former  
press attaché in Washington  
takes us behind the scenes to  
explain what happened

by  
**BOGDAN RADITSA**



# Yugoslav--Soviet Divorce

**M**Y brave and unhappy country is once more the scene of a struggle fateful for the future of all mankind. It was in Yugoslavia that Hitler, in his bid for world mastery, met his first armed guerrilla resistance. And it is there again that the new pretender to world dominion, Stalin, is meeting his first outright opposition within his own realm.

The Muscovite colossus, before whom the democratic nations stand in hypnotized awe, has been defied by his own creation, the Communist regime in Belgrade. The sheer audacity of the challenge is breath-taking. Only those who have lived behind the Iron Curtain, as I have, can grasp fully the drama of that rebellion.

It has startled and baffled the Kremlin, which for once is unable to enforce instant obedience in the orbit of its power. Stalin and his cohorts know that the three hundred million terrorized subjects of their tyranny are watching with anxious hope. If the Yugoslav defiance can be made to "stick", other puppets surely will be encouraged to seek some degree of independence.

Those who try to appraise the Tito episode merely in relation to immediate events are sure to go wrong. They will be tangled in irrelevant speculations about Marxist theories.

It is not a question of Marxism but of centralized empire. What we are witnessing is at bottom a conflict between

ancient national sentiment and the supernationalist scheme being pushed by Moscow. The Communist plan for a superstate dictated from one center along totalitarian lines faces its first serious test.

The Yugoslav rebellion reveals its secret for our time only when viewed in the timeless pattern of the tempestuous history of the Southern Slavs. The answer to the puzzle will not be found in the character of the obese, pompous Josef Broz who calls himself Tito. It must be sought in the character of the proud, stubborn, freedom-loving peoples who inhabit our mountain land.

This is not the first time that a foreign ideology or empire, seeking to absorb my people, has been stopped and in the end defeated in this area. Whether the tide of conquest rolled in from the East or the West, its force has been broken against our tumbled, craggy mountains.

I have worked with Tito. I know him and his fellows at close range. Consequently, I have no illusions about their motives: I want to attest that they are not repentant patriots but frustrated quislings. The Yugoslav peoples in their own silent fashion are dictating to the dictators. The land is proving itself stronger than any political doctrine.

Of all of Stalin's East European and Balkan stooges, Tito was the most trusted. He had been fashioned through

many years in Stalin's image. When he returned to his native land on the eve of World War II, it was simply as a devoted Kremlin agent. His mission was to transform the country into another standardized and docile satrapy of the Soviet Union, to be joined in due time to the U.S.S.R.

Yugoslavia was the first foreign country to be Bolshevized and seemed a perfect carbon copy of the Muscovite original. When the supposedly abolished Communist International came into the open again as the Cominform, Belgrade was designated as its headquarters. It was thus accorded the honor of a kind of Second Moscow.

Yet this Yugoslavia is the first and thus far the only satellite to take issue with the Kremlin's monolithic authority! Had this been merely the result of Tito's personal nature, it would be meaningless; he could be murdered and replaced. The significance of the revolt lies in the fact that it was forced upon Tito by the nature of the Balkan peoples. Any successor would in the end find himself a prisoner of the same iron logic of our history.

Tito failed to fulfill his mission, but not for lack of zeal or ruthlessness. He did not hesitate to slaughter his countrymen wholesale and to foment terrible civil wars among the national groups making up the country. He killed off Communists who disputed his power or methods. "A good Communist," I

have heard Tito men boast, "will murder his own child in its mother's entrails for the cause."

No, he failed only because the granite of Yugoslavia would not yield to his chisels of terror.

Tito tried to eradicate what is best in the people of my country—their soul, their constant longing for God. Hundreds if not thousands of consecrated men and women representing the three religions, Roman Catholic, Serb Orthodox, and Moslem, were brutally killed, persecuted, or sent to slave labor camps. Churches and monasteries were closed. Archbishop Stepinac with one noble and heroic gesture reversed all Tito's efforts to destroy our religious roots. Today he is stronger than ever in the mind and soul of a people faced with a lifeless Communist doctrine which offers nothing to souls thirsty for love and peace.

Those of us who know our country and our people have not been surprised by recent developments. The rocks on which the Communist ideology would be wrecked, we foresaw would be peasant individualism and the Balkan passion for national independence. In this we have been proven right.

I have read the eight-hour speech of Tito in the recent convention of his Yugoslav Communist Party, as well as speeches by his henchmen. All of them in effect assert what we exiles have been saying—namely, that our people cannot be crammed into the Soviet mold of economic collectivism and centralized internationalism.

Communism is first of all an urban disease. The factory worker is more vulnerable to its virus than the farmer, with his roots in the soil and his natural dignity as an individual. In Russia itself, the most stubborn opposition to Bolshevik plans came from the peasants. Millions of them had to be killed off, starved to death, exiled to inhospitable areas, before collectivization could be imposed on Russian agriculture.

That is why the first indispensable goal in riveting Communism on any country is always to proletarianize the farmers—to turn them into serfs on state-owned and state-controlled estates. The initial step in this process normally finds enthusiastic support among landless and poor peasants, because it consists in dividing up large private estates.

The second step, however, evokes deadly resistance. For it calls for the merging of private holdings into *kolkhozes* or collectives. No matter how this may be disguised with socialist verbiage, it amounts to the creation of huge government farms, where the peasants are mere sharecroppers.

Yugoslavia is a peasant nation. More

than 80 per cent of its people till the soil and tend its flocks. When Tito and his Communists bloodily seized power, they had no need to break up large estates. There weren't any. After the first World War, King Alexander had proclaimed the principle that the land belongs to those who till it. When Henry Wallace and other foreign friends of Communism talk about ending feudalism in Yugoslavia they betray their ignorance. Even under Alexander there were virtually no farms more than thirty acres in extent, and the average holding was rarely more than ten acres.

Titoland was therefore, according to Communist theory, ripe for the final job of collectivization. There was only one difficulty: the refusal of the peasants to be collectivized. Tito was not only willing but eager to carry out Moscow instructions, but he realized that it would mean an open conflict with 80 per cent of his people. That was an adventure in cold terror which he dared not undertake.

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► The person that always says just what he thinks at last gets just what he deserves.

—Anon.

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The five-year plan of industrialization announced by the Communist regime in Belgrade was based on the assumption that the growers of food could be coerced to co-operate. Had there been industrial goods at reasonable prices to exchange for farm goods, the co-operation might have been enforced. But Yugoslavia, cut off from Western trade, received nothing but outworn military supplies from Russia.

Knowing that his crops would be confiscated by the government, the Yugoslav peasant planted and harvested only enough for his own family, leaving the cities and the bureaucrats to starve. On December 17, 1947, the official paper *Politika* stated that only 40 per cent deep winter plowing had been accomplished. It amounted to an admission that the farmers were on strike.

The instinctive resistance of the simple, silent peasant to state encroachment confronted the regime with a terrifying dilemma. Tito had to choose between plunging his country into a catastrophic civil war—a war he could not hope to win—and rejecting Stalin's definite and arbitrary orders. The Kremlin, drunk on the sanguinary victories over its own peasants, would agree to no compromises. Thus Tito, despite himself, became a heretic.

On the national question, likewise, he was forced onto the road of insubordination. The profound national feelings

of the Yugoslav races—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Macedonians, Bosnia-Herzegovinians—are the product of centuries of opposition to foreign conquerors. They are an expression of a fierce individualism which has posed a tough problem for all conquerors through the ages and for Yugoslav leaders themselves.

Our most enlightened patriots see only one sensible solution: a genuine federation of equals, with true national and cultural autonomy for each of the races. This is the liberal answer to the question which must prevail ultimately, whether through a free Balkan union or through a larger United States of Europe.

When Tito talked federalism, many honest Yugoslav liberals swallowed the bait. I can speak with authority because I was myself one of the poor fishes. I was at the time a member of the Royal Yugoslav Embassy in Washington. The Tito promise of a federalized country, where the Croats would be an equal among equals, fired my enthusiasm. Not until I returned to my native land and saw the puppet regime in action did I realize that Soviet federalism is a cynical lie. It is a fake name for a new and worse despotism with headquarters in Moscow, which must by definition drown every real national aspiration in blood.

That same understanding has come to all Yugoslavs. Tito organized the country in the Soviet pattern with six "autonomous republics" and six ruling Communist parties. But in the nature of the case the autonomy is bogus. The dictatorship is centered in Belgrade, rides roughshod over national traditions and preferences, and was planned for ultimate submergence in the U.S.S.R.

Every one of the Yugoslav peoples is in covert revolt against the centralization demanded by the Communist system. All of them are in open revolt against the scheme for union with the U.S.S.R. The regime has no real alternative but to disown that scheme. It is aware that it could be carried out only with Red Army bayonets.

Reading through the massive double talk of the Tito-Stalin quarrel, one finally discerns the real issue. It is whether the newly Communized nations shall have a certain independence within the Soviet framework, or whether they shall be totally enslaved provinces on a par with, let us say, the Ukraine and White Russia.

A gesture by the Bulgarian stooge, Georgi Dimitrov, early in the year in the direction of a Balkan federation was promptly slapped down by Moscow. The Kremlin fears any regional unit large enough to defy its absolute author-

ity. Though Dimitrov was obliged to disown that gesture, the prospect of absorption by the Soviet Union sends chills down every puppet spine. We can be quite sure that Moscow still has a long and bloody road to cover before it can integrate its empire and consolidate its sphere of power. That, indeed, is why Stalin cannot afford to compromise the Yugoslav challenge.

One phase of the national question has escaped foreign attention altogether. It is Moscow's insistence upon revising the Yugoslav military machine to make it in effect an extension of its own Red Army.

Tito's armed forces are essentially of the guerrilla-commando type traditional in the Balkans. It is a type well suited for resisting invaders; for luring them into the country in a contest of attrition where the local forces have an advantage over would-be conquerors. But the Yugoslav army thus organized is not easily adapted to fighting beyond its own terrain and does not therefore meet Stalin's need for a spearhead of foreign aggression against Greece, Italy, and Western Europe.

The Kremlin has demanded a fundamental reform and modernization of Tito's military services. This the Belgrade government must resist, for the same reason that it resists submergence in the U.S.S.R. The law of survival influences even a puppet state.

What the outcome of the Tito-Stalin duel will be is anyone's guess. The schism in its own ranks may serve as a brake on Soviet ambitions and thus postpone the danger of war. Unhappily, an equally good case can be made by those who argue that the very desperation of the challenge may prompt Moscow to gamble on war. Mobiliza-

tion and a march westward, they point out, would enable Stalin to tighten the straitjacket of total control on his restive satellites before it is too late.

In any event, let no one discount the Yugoslav episode as a tempest in a Russian teapot. The theory in some quarters that it is all shadow play to confuse the democracies is nonsensical. Heresy is too fearsome a thing for Communists to be diverted to the purposes of political camouflage. In his recent Party speech, Tito described the Cominform charges as "a call for civil war in our land, a call for destruction of our country." At the other end, the charges include lying, treason, connivance with the capitalist enemy. Louis Aragon, the French Communist, has exclaimed, "About Tito's Yugoslavia, not one word more. That country I do not know any longer. I erased her from European geography." The faithful from China to Union Square in New York have joined in an anti-Tito chorus.

Obedience is the heart of the Soviet system. Stalin and his associates must either cure the Yugoslav cancer or cut it out by major surgery. Unless he can restore absolute control, the contagion of national independence may spread. Moscow fears internal opposition a thousand times more than any capitalist enemies. It would sooner drive Yugoslavia into the arms of the West than harbor an insubordinate member in its own family. Titoism is likely to rank with Trotskyism in the Kremlin demonology.

Many times in the past, too, non-Russian members of the Communist International have tried to follow their own policy lines. In the 1920's, for instance, the German Communist Party defied Kremlin orders on domestic

affairs. In 1928-29, the American Communist Party, under Jay Lovestone, refused to abide by an "American program" prescribed at International headquarters.

The Kremlin instantly outlawed the rebels and installed dependable leaders. In the American case, Lovestone was ousted despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of the party was on his side. A tractable agent, Earl Browder, was installed in his place, and the minority was declared to be *the* party.

But what if Lovestone had possessed a government, an army, and a powerful secret police of his own, as Tito does? Would he have yielded meekly to the order of excommunication?

Yugoslavia presents the first instance where a rebellious Communist Party is also the ruler of a government. This is something utterly new in the Kremlin's history of world leadership. The precedent established will affect the future course of Communism. Stalin therefore cannot afford to be lenient. If he should be forced to come to terms, it will be no more than a tactical maneuver while he waits his chance to pounce and kill. Tito and his comrades, being old hands in the Communist game, know that it is no more than that.

The logic of Soviet centralism will never permit local national interests to take precedence over general Communist interests as interpreted by Moscow. The logic of Yugoslav history, on the other hand will never permit the kind of absolute submission to a foreign hierarchy demanded by the Stalinist dogma. There we have the ingredients of destiny for the Balkans, the whole Soviet sphere, and in the final analysis the whole world.

**The Director of a State-owned farm lectures the peasants. Yugoslavs love their land and resist efforts at collectivization**



**Yugoslav guerrilla. Stalin would prefer an army of aggression**



*Wide World photos*



# BABY

I saw an ad one day—  
and that's how Baby came to our  
house and almost stayed

by LUCILE HASLEY

I RAN across the ad one bright Sunday morning in October. I'd been looking through the *Tribune's* classified section for a spinet piano when this ad leaped out at me in all its desperate urgency: "Leaving town. Must sacrifice immediately my beautiful antique rosewood square piano. 1612 Fairview Avenue."

Antique! I drew a circle around the ad, feeling that familiar warm excitement of the chase. I wasn't positive just what a square piano looked like—maybe like a harpsichord?—but as I hustled out to Fairview I began to fall in love with just the sound of it. Antique rosewood. A little antique rosewood square.

One good look at that rosewood job and my love died a-borning. I mumbled something to the effect that I wouldn't be able to handle it—that I lived in a house, not a stadium—but the Fairview woman grabbed at my arm. (Right from the beginning, she seemed to like me.) She asked me, in all fairness, to just stand and get used to the scale of it. She said—O blessed fantasy!—that it would grow on me.

So, to humor the woman, I stood and stared at her piano. I would no more have installed that thing in my living room than I would have installed a furnace. And yet . . . and yet . . .

Once you were adjusted to that nine-foot wingspread and Chestertonian girth, the piano's waxed and glowing beauty began to creep over you. It was like gazing at the majestic grandeur of Fujiyama. There was inlaid mother-of-pearl over the keyboard, and the keys themselves, of a pale yellow ivory, were in perfect condition. The elephantine carved legs shone as softly as old silver. And it was around one hundred years old.



Something told me I couldn't  
order them around

I heard myself, as in a nightmare, asking the price.

"Only one hundred dollars, a sacrifice," said the Fairview woman, and her face began to pucker. She had, she said, taken care of that piano like a baby. She began, between sniffles, to give me the baby's formula: rub well with linseed oil and paste wax, cover in damp weather, never let the furnace go out. . . .

Her grief troubled me. Surely the least I could do was to take the piano, all two hundred cubic feet of it, and adopt it as my own. But was I prepared for motherhood? Carefully, I weighed the pro's and con's. If I adopted it, the piano's classical days were clearly over. All I could play, straight through, was "A Kiss In The Dark." On the other hand I could promise it an oil-heated, decent, Christian home, and I felt reasonably sure my husband would grow to love it too.

**B**UT my sentimentality didn't blunt my native shrewdness. I didn't intend to turn the sword in that woman's heart by flailing out "A Kiss In The Dark" on those lovely keys, but neither did I intend to buy a pig in a poke.

I asked her to play something. She sat down, rippled off a few bars of Debussy (it sounded good), and then dissolved into tears. This was all I needed to clinch the deal. If she was *this* attached to the piano, it *must* be a gem. Glory, she might even change her mind about parting with it. I hastily wrote out the check and, patting the woman's hand, promised to keep her late piano warm and happy.

I felt wonderful. Consider the sheer size of my bargain. Up to now, I had brought home nothing bigger—in the way of antiques—than some crystal salt shakers.

But when the piano arrived (the firm of Wallace and Black had wisely dispatched their four beefiest plug-uglies) even I was startled afresh. My husband just stood there, leaning weakly against the porch railing. The piano legs were dismembered and wrapped in old brown flannel, and the body of the piano was covered with a dirty green canvas.

The movers set it down on the ground between the sidewalk and the curbing and then sat down on the truck's running board to rest. The neighbors, like vultures, started gathering around it as if it were a huge whale washed up on shore. How—if I *really* wanted it—was that Moby Dick ever to get through our front door? One sidewalk engineer suggested just setting it up in the front yard and building a sort of pagoda around it.

But my four beefy friends, although still panting and sweating profusely, knew what they were about. They arose from the running board—stimulated by their audience—and removed the front door from its hinges and strengthened the porch steps with planks. Then with many a grunt and shout of "Hike!" they tilted the piano sidewise, walked the planks, and heaved it into my living room. Only a very little white paint was scraped off the doorway.

Now a square piano is nothing to have even strong men push all over your house in order to see where it looks best.



Something told me that I could not order these human gorillas around as I did my own husband—i.e., walk around with a piano while I stood in one spot, my lips thoughtfully pursed.

My husband—covering up his fright with hysterical jesting—wanted it left squarely in the middle of the room where our daily life could revolve around it. It could be used, with the top down, for pool or ping-pong or Sunday night buffet suppers. My husband was really so frightened that I forgave his obvious straining to be funny. The piano would grow on him.

We finally placed the square under the stairway where it only stuck out about six inches. After a few days we got used to mashing our hipbones on it as we rounded the corner and life settled down to smaller worries.

Namely, dusting. To dust my piano I had to put on my slacks and tennis shoes and carefully climb up on the top of it. I could have used the long-handled floor mop, but what would that Fairview woman have thought? Besides, I had to put on the slacks anyway to crawl under the piano and reach the fourth carved leg in the corner.

You would be surprised, though, how well a piano of that size snuggled into our small living room. We didn't even have to take the davenport out. Just two chairs and a bookcase. The only thing was that the remaining furniture, under the shadow of Fujiyama, seemed to sort of shrivel.

But there was no denying that my pianoforte, itself, was impressive, even though it did cry aloud for a Jose Iturbi to go with it. To make up for no Iturbi, I bought an *Etude* and spread it open, for effect, to the page that looked hardest. Lots of little grace notes. Then I set some crystal hurricane lamps on the shining rosewood top, and there you were. Beauty. Antiquity. Culture.

Only it was odd the way it struck others. The more worldly ones thought it needed a permanent torch singer perched on top, twisting a red chiffon hanky, and singing "My Man." The more somber ones thought it looked like Grant's tomb and wanted to buy me a wax funeral wreath. The ones that mashed their hipbones on it were even more vivid in their reactions.

THE name that finally stuck was just —Baby. It was my Baby, said they, formula and all, and I was stuck with it. All this I took in good spirits, but when someone would start running a knowing hand over the keyboard I would stop him.

Well, naturally, I said, the thing was out of tune. You wouldn't expect to haul a piano clear across town without

jarring it. Naturally my piano was a little off key (it really set your teeth on edge), but the piano tuner was coming.

I shall always be grateful that no one was around when that piano tuner showed up. He walked in, glanced at Baby, winced, and then advanced grimly. He ran a scale and then turned to me as I hung over the piano, fatuously waiting for his congratulations.

"Buy this from a lady out on Fairview?" he asked.

I nodded. "She's living in Akron, Ohio, now," I said. I could still see her tear-filled eyes.

"Yep," said he, "it's the same bugger. Tried to tune it once and I wouldn't touch it again for anything. She found it in a farmer's barn in Michigan and polished it up."

"But it's a beautiful thing," I cried. "I'll bet they used to build pianos lots better than they do now and this is around one hundred years old."

He was already sidling toward the door. "Lady," he said, "a Stradivarius improves with age, not a piano. The life span of the ordinary piano is forty years. A hard-used studio piano gives out in about ten. This is a wreck. It's worth about a nickel."

According to his figures, I was out exactly \$99.95. Indignantly, I called another tuner and this medicine man, to my delight, briskly opened his little satchel. He said he liked old squares. But it unnerved me to see him applying

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► Many a live wire would be a dead one except for his connections.

—Wilson Mizner

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splints and tourniquets to the brittle bamboo hammers with just plain string and glue.

As he struck the notes he kept blowing on a little silver tuning fork. Finally he said, "It's still about an octave too low. You couldn't accompany a clarinet on it. Do you mind?"

No, drat it, I didn't want any traffic with a clarinet. I only wanted my own sweet hunk of piano for myself. So he took his departure (and \$8.00) and I sat down and played "A Kiss In The Dark." Soft, mellow, low.

In a few days, it was even lower. Middle C was something out of this world, but I soon learned, with a little adroitness to play around it. Yet, while it was true that Baby's middle C was the touchiest of the keys, do not think the other keys remained aloof in robust health. With an admirable *esprit de corps* they had all, at the end of a week, slipped quietly away together into the bass section.

Back came the tuner. "Ah," he said with a fond little chuckle, "these old boys need a delicate hand, a little coaxing," and out came the string, glue, tweezers, and silver pipe. That time, for an old and probably permanent customer, he only charged \$5.00.

That was only the beginning. Baby was always ailing, and I began to understand the brooding maternity of that Fairview woman. In time, even the tuner became so attached to Baby that I think he would have even considered night calls.

FINALLY my husband took over. Unable to get hospitalization for Baby, my husband declared he was unable to support the tuner any longer. One afternoon he carefully watched the man, as he sat blissfully playing with the string and glue and daintily plucking out bits of moth-eaten felt with the tweezers, and decided he had it down cold.

For awhile my husband's new job (certainly more fascinating than teaching American Lit at Notre Dame) interested him mightily. He went around saying anyone could tune a piano. True. Anyone could tune Baby, but no one on God's green earth could keep him that way.

It got so that I would meet my husband at the door evenings and silently hand him the string and glue.

Then one day it happened. One day I came home from a day's shopping tour (I'd run down the *cutest* antique corn meal grinder) and found my husband rocking contentedly on the front porch. He hadn't looked so happy and carefree in weeks. He had that swallowed-the-canary look on his face; you could almost see the feathers sticking out of his mouth. When I asked what was up, he just kept on rocking and smiling.

I marched suspiciously into the house and then stopped cold in my tracks. My well-nigh empty living room echoed with my stricken cries of bereavement. Baby was gone.

Baby, it turned out, was now living in the basement of the First Baptist Church. They needed a piano and, as my husband pointed out, their Friendly Workshop was just the organization to keep Baby in trim. He also pointed out (with the deadly logic of husbands when goaded) that since I had adopted Baby without his permission, it was his privilege to deposit Baby on someone else's front steps. Marriage, said my husband, was give and take.

I often think about Baby in the long lonely evenings (Is he warm? Is he happy?) and also about that woman living in Akron, Ohio. I know just how she feels.



*He knew that she understood  
what he was trying to tell her*

# the Christmas Present

by DOROTHY M. NIELSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

JIM WALLACE laid his newspaper across his knees and looked out the train window. Helen turned and smiled up at him, and the tight furrow between his eyes disappeared momentarily.

"The snow is getting deeper and cleaner," she said.

The young boy in the seat in front turned around.

"Looks like Harry and I'll get some skiing in."

Helen said: "I'm sure you will, son."

Jim's forehead puckered again. He was wondering why he had ever consented to this crazy idea of spending Christmas in the country. He would miss the gang. They had always had a wonderful time. It had become traditional. Christmas Eve at the Wal-

THE SIGN

## The prospect of a country Christmas failed to thrill

**Jim, for to him the day meant mistletoe and merriment,  
a tree and gifts—and he could find these in the city**

laces'. He knew their friends would miss the party, as he would. Women! Crackpot idea, this. What was wrong spending Christmas Eve like that?

Helen said it spoiled Christmas. But why *must* she get up so darn early to go to Mass, after being up most of the night? Guiltily, he knew he was wrong in his criticism of her. Wasn't she always a good sport? Didn't she see to it that their butler, Gratan, and his wife, Marie, prepared a wonderful after-midnight buffet? And how ever did she manage to hold that plate of food, pretending to eat, somehow getting rid of it, no one but he suspecting that she was fasting for Holy Communion the next day?

Her request had seemed momentous: "Jim, make it my Christmas present. Just the three of us alone together for Christmas—the kind of Christmas we used to have. We could never manage it here, so let's go to Windswept. Please, Jim!" And now, today, Christmas Eve, he was riding farther and farther into cold weather, deep snow, and dull tranquillity.

"Jim."

"Mm?"

"I'm so glad we decided that Bessie and Hank were to have no advance notice that we were coming. She would have cleaned and polished . . ."

"Yes, it was wise."

"They'll only have an hour notice. That's time for Hank to meet us, but not enough for her to start cleaning away imaginary dirt."

She leaned closer to him, her eyes sparkling. "I don't want any of this holiday spoiled for me, Jim. I want to do everything myself. I wired Hank that he was to meet us at the train, that he should order a turkey, but Bessie was to do absolutely nothing."

Jim thought: There's another thing I can't understand about Helen. He had worked himself right on up to the executive payroll in the company, they lived in a nice apartment on Park Avenue, Jimmy attended an exclusive military school. His success had been steadily upward. They had money for travel, a couple to run their New York apartment, a summer home which their caretakers, Bessie and Hank, kept in perfect order. He was glad that he could give Helen and Jimmy all these things—and yet, here they were today, in this slow train, on a huckleberry

line, and Helen "thrilled" because she was going to the country, to roast a turkey, bake pies—

"I must get Bessie to make up her mind about help. It will be very soon now. About the middle of January."

"Well, we don't want a crying baby around, that's a certainty."

An expression of pain washed over her face. "As if a baby were the worst thing to have around."

"Oh, you know what I mean. Hank and Bessie are fine and their Harry has been company for Jimmie all these summers. But how could it be managed?"

"We're ideally situated, their cottage separate from the big house, across the road. You can't mean that."

"I do. You've got to be practical. A newborn infant? You know," he said, laughing a little, "Bessie isn't the usual servant. She'd think absolutely nothing of tucking the baby under one arm and serving our guests cocktails at the same time."

Helen's tone was defensive: "You've said yourself that Hank and Bessie are all the charm of Windswept. So have our guests."

"True, but a baby would change everything."

"Jim, I'll do nothing to hurt her. I couldn't. She spoke of a cousin to help with the baby, or I could try for a cook, but it will be whatever Bessie wants."

He didn't answer. He folded his arms and lay his head back against the seat. His face was indignant, the frown drawing his dark brows almost together.

THEY stood on the cold, windy platform and watched eager well-comers hurry train passengers into cars. A few like themselves, unmet, piled into the hack and now this, too, drove away.

"It's not like Hank to be late."

Jim was brusque: "Well, let's get out of this cold."

"Oh, he'll be right along, Dad—bet Harry'll be with him."

As they walked toward the depot, the telegrapher tapped on the window, beckoning them to come in.

"Bessie Treadwell 'phoned," he explained. "Hank slipped on the ice yesterday and broke his leg."

"Hank? Hurt?" Jim asked.

"Yes. Leg's in a cast. Lucky thing it happened yesterday. Doc left this morn-

ing on the early train to the city. He always visit his folks over Christmas."

"Oh, how terrible for Bessie," Helen said.

Jim asked irritably: "Why on earth didn't you tell us in time, so we could have grabbed the hack? Now we'll have to wait for it to come back—by way of Siberia, I suppose."

The man's face flushed a dark red. His voice was curt: "I'm alone here this morning. I have the telegraph, the telephone, there was a rumpus with the baggage, too. I tried . . ."

"It's quite all right," Helen said kindly.

Now he addressed her alone, ignoring Jim.

"I'd better telephone his house. You see, he'll think he has all the hack trade with him, and he'll go home for lunch."

Jim said: "Wonderful idea—lunch."

"Thank you, we'd appreciate that," Helen said quietly.

Jim sat heavily on the bench. Helen, beside him, her fingers crushed together in a tight knot, watched the large wall clock with its sweep-second hand, saw Jimmy's struggle with the candy machine, listened to the tinkle of a cinder fall through the grate of the potbellied stove in the center of the room.

"Jim."

He looked at her. This time he made no effort to conceal the deep frown.

"I'd better walk up the hill to the market. There's probably no turkey ordered, and I must phone Bessie."

"In those straps you call shoes?" he bellowed. "Do you see the snow outside?"

Then he softened partially, seeing her quiet, troubled eyes.

"Helen," he said, "let's be sensible. This is only the start. The country is all right for the summer, but the winter—you see how very inconvenient it is. Hank's been well taken care of. A few phone calls will fix everything. If we make the offer attractive enough, that cousin of Bessie's will come and take over right now. Anyway, Harry's home from school on vacation, Bessie isn't alone. Everything we can do for them, could be done here and now, by telephone. We could call home, too. Tell Gratan and Marie to get everything ready, call up the gang. This year, they could all help dress the tree. It'd be a lot of fun, Helen. There's a train back in thirty-five minutes . . ."

She rose quickly from the bench. Her voice was quiet, but unrelenting.

"Jim, what is the matter with you? A few minutes delay and look at you. Already to give up the idea. Do you think I'd go now, without seeing Hank or Bessie, finding out if I could help? You are becoming . . ." She closed her



mouth tightly, holding in the words. Then she went on: "Besides, this is my Christmas present—remember?"

She drew her coat around her and her voice broke ever so slightly.

"You go back, if you want, but Jimmy and I'll stay for our Christmas."

She walked to the door, her high heels clicking on the wooden floor boards. Turning to look back at him, she called, "Go ahead. I'll do my shopping now—you go on—you, you old Indian giver!"

He watched her through the window. The wind rippled her skirt, where the fur coat had blown back and she had difficulty keeping her hat on, as she stepped carefully around the piled snow drifts. He took the folded newspaper from under his arm and flung it with all his strength into the metal waste receptacle. Then he turned up his overcoat collar, pulled open the door, and trudged after her.

Watching Helen in the meat market, as she selected a turkey, he observed that the excited happy look she had on the train was gone.

He thought: It's too late to fool her now. I've spoiled it all for her.

He waited in the drugstore, while she telephoned Bessie. He saw the tree ornaments on display and he remembered they had none at Windswept. Picking up an empty box he selected a few. When she came out of the booth, she looked surprised and then she smiled.

"Do you know I never thought of ornaments? Of course we have none. This is our first Christmas at Windswept."

She picked up a carton. "I'm going to take all the red and green," she said.

He stopped for a moment, watching her. He knew it for what it was. Pretense. She was trying to "make" the day, to salvage something from her original idea.

His voice boomed in the small store. "Not for me," he said, "You take all the red and green you want. I'm for the blue and silver."

Helen scolded as she untied the apron from Bessie's swollen body. "It's just like you to have a hot lunch ready for us, but you go right back across to your own cottage. Your place is with Hank. Just pretend we are not here. We'll be over in a little while to see him."

Later, the boys went out for trees. Bessie wanted a small table tree, but Helen asked them to get her a large one. "This house is having its first Christmas," she said. "And it's going to have a large tree."

Jim sat on the kitchen stool watching Helen wash the turkey. Every once in a while he poked his finger into the bowl of dressing and carried it to his mouth. He could hear the boys in the woods chopping at the trees and he supposed he should have gone with them. He thought: What on earth am I going to do these few days? There'd be the tree to decorate. But after that, what? He watched the motion of Helen's arms as she plucked tiny pin feathers from the fowl. He stared out across the quiet, snow-covered fields. When she started to sing, he turned, and sighing softly, dipped his finger slowly into the bowl of dressing.

SEVERAL hours later, from Bessie's kitchen window, he looked across the road at Windswept. He'd instructed the boys to leave a light on in the living room. Now, this was a bright beacon in the surrounding darkness. He was glad he had sent Harry over to sleep with Jimmy, as Bessie's stifled moans were getting more frequent. He thought of their half-dressed tree over in the living room, of Harry nervously interrupting them, telling that Bessie "wasn't feeling so good." Helen had gone over at once and in a few minutes telephoned that he should join her. "We're going to have a little Christmas baby," she said.

Now his eyes strained, searching down the road, although it was unnecessary, for one could see the approaching headlights of a car over a mile distant, but he continued to look, cupping his hands over his eyes, to shut out the light from

behind. He thought, again: It's taking that confounded doctor long enough to get here.

He lifted the lid of the old-fashioned range, picked up the last log from the woodbox. He dropped it in "settling" it with the lid handle.

He carried the woodbox down the narrow, steep cellar stairs for refilling. Warily, he sat down on the chopping block and rubbed his knees as he looked at the two neat piles of logs. There were the smaller, thinner ones for the kitchen range and the furnace "whoppers," all neatly stacked. He thought: It's so futile. This is the third time I've filled this woodbox. You keep feeding the two fires and still Helen says the bedroom is cold.

When he had an oil burner heating unit installed in the big house, Bessie had pleaded: "Please let me keep my wood fire in the kitchen. It is a good stove. Hank and I bought it for our first house here in America and we've moved it wherever we went." And Hank's argument on the efficiency of wood and the hot-air furnace had won him over.

Helen called to him from the top of the stairs.

"Come up, I've made some tea."

He put down the filled woodbox. "How is she?" he asked.

"Your face is smudged. Here." She took his handkerchief out of his pocket and rubbed his cheek.

"Everything all right?" he asked. "When is that doctor coming? You'd think Valatie was in another state, instead of only the next town."

"Don't worry, Jim."

He looked into her calm face as she poured the tea. Surely this was a studied manner, this proficiency, this air of calmness. It was that nurses' aid training she had during the war years.

He said: "Imagine only one doctor for this large area—and he's down in the city tonight."

"Everything will be all right, Jim," she said. "The shock of Hank's accident has hurried the stork along. Of course Doc never would have left Bessie, if he'd known, and he did make arrangements with Doctor Fielding in Valatie, just in case. He's entitled to a visit with his family at Christmas."

"Hank's been a brick. It's tough on him, to lie in there, hear his wife in pain."

"You've been wonderful, too, Jim. I've heard you talking to him, making him comfortable."

"Oh . . ."

She brushed her fingertips lightly across his cheek.

"No, I mean it. It hasn't been easy keeping this place warm, either."



► The late Tom Breneman, of the "Breakfast in Hollywood" broadcast, told this story on a female member of his audience.

After a program on which the traditional orchid had been presented to an eighty-two-year-old as the oldest woman present, another elderly lady made her way to the microphone. She glanced back at her table and then whispered to Mr. Breneman:

"Just think—I could have had that orchid. I was eighty-three yesterday."

"You were?" Breneman exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I couldn't," the lady said. "My husband is with me—and he thinks I'm only eighty-one!"



He caught her fingers, pulled her gently from the table and held her close for a minute. When he released her, he saw her look at the clock.

She is worried, then, he thought. She's probably scared stiff under that mask of proficiency. She looked up at him and their eyes held.

"I'm sorry it turned out like this, Jim. It hasn't been anything like I planned."

He said: "It's a darn good thing we did come." He laughed, shaking his head, "Though you do have to admit, it's a little unusual, a peculiar way to spend Christmas Eve."

As she looked at him, she seemed to want to speak but was hesitant. Jim didn't like that look. There had been too many times lately that she had looked at him like that.

"What is it?" he asked. "Say it."

"Well," she answered slowly, "it's not so unusual, so peculiar, as the way we've been spending our recent Christmas Eves. We could do worse, Jim, helping, waiting for a child to be born tonight."

She fixed a tray for Hank, cut some cake from the loaf.

"I wonder if you'd do me a favor," she said. "This is the first Christmas Eve I haven't had a candle in the window. I brought one along, too. Would you get it and bring it over here? It's on the table in the living room."

Annoyed at her rebuff, he said shortly, "Gosh, Helen, there are candles in Bessie's pantry here. I saw them—if we must have a Christmas decoration here."

She looked at him and there was that same odd expression in her eyes.

"I always use a *blessed* candle," she said.

"What on earth for?"

Here voice was tight, but she flung the words out of her throat and they raced along.

"Don't you remember, Jim? You light the way, so the spirit of the Christ Child may find His way into your home this night."

He stood looking down at her, but his mind was far away. Far away and back. He saw a younger Helen, beautiful in a wine-colored velvet dress. They had stood in the large bay window of her mother's house in Boston. It was dusk and it was Christmas Eve. She had told him the fable, then, and he watched while she lighted the tall candle. "Next year, we'll light one in our home," she had whispered.

Just when had he forgotten? Those first years of their marriage, it was a ceremony. Lighting the candle. It was part of Christmas, like dressing the



*Out in the darkness, he hurried toward the main house*

tree, hanging the stockings. Just when had his mind rejected the importance of the fable's message, that all these past years he saw the candle as only a decoration?

"I'll get it," he said quietly.

Out in the darkness, he walked toward the main house. He hurried, for now, quite suddenly, he understood, he knew the meaning of that quiet, wondering, hurt look; and he wanted to get back to Helen.

WHEN they walked into the living room at two o'clock on Christmas morning, Helen's eyes lighted as she saw the tree.

"Look, Jim, the boys finished it. It is lovely."

She sank down wearily into the downy cushions of the sofa.

"Let's have a fire," he said.

"We should really go to bed. We'll have to get up early. There's only one Mass in the Chapel in town. No 12:45 Mass here, you know."

She studied him, to see what effect her words had.

"Just a few minutes. We'll make the early Mass all right."

He lit the kindling, turned off the lamp. He watched the shadow of the flames dance in her face.

"Doesn't the room look lovely?" she said.

He sat down beside her, he thought of the many things he wanted to say. And tonight. He found her hand and their fingers interlaced.

"The little girl is so sweet, Jim."

"Yes."

"I'm glad Bessie's cousin is with her."

"You can bet I was relieved when that doctor came!"

They were silent, watching the fire. In a few minutes, it would be ready for a log. Amused, he thought that he had

been playing with logs all night, but this fire he wanted to keep on for a little while, at least until he let Helen know that he understood why she wanted to come up here, to be alone. He had lost something along the way he had traveled to success. Something she was wise enough to cherish, to want to recapture for them.

"Helen . . ."

How could he find words to tell her what he was feeling?

She rested her head on his shoulder and waited.

He said: "I'm glad we came up here."

She turned her eyes and searched his face.

"Are you, Jim? Do you really mean it?"

"I am and I do mean it."

Then he rose, pulling her by the hand. He took down the brass candlestick from the mantle, lifted out the ornamental candle. When he took from his pocket the partially burnt blessed candle that earlier had burned in the window of Bessie's cottage, her face was radiant.

"Let's light it here," he said.

He gave it to her, while he moved a table close to the window. When he handed her the match folder, she looked up at him and he liked what he read in her shining eyes.

"Oh, thank you, darling," she whispered.

He knew that she understood what he was trying to tell her. That was Helen. Somehow she always knew. She'd exclaim over the bracelet he had placed under the tree for her. She was distinctly feminine and liked pretty things. But, despite his stupidity, his bungling, as she bent and struck the match, there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he had just given Helen her Christmas present.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article is the story of one who, like Dismas, accepted a last-minute grace from God. Needless to say, that grace did not purify whatever there was of dross or evil in his writings.*

THEY buried him on a green slope in unconsecrated ground because his widow was a non-Catholic, and he hadn't been a good enough Catholic to educate her into the difference. On the same slope lie the remains of John Gilbert, an actor he once knocked out, and Theodore Dreiser who had moments, like the others, when he thought he was bigger than God.

But that's not the big story behind Jim Tully, the road kid who became the founder of the American hard-boiled school of writing, with sentences shorter than a prison haircut, and ran his first novel, *Emmet Lawler*, in one paragraph of 100,000 words.

The big story is that he who once said "I'll never go to Heaven because I don't believe," and at another time said, "I pity everything that lives because it has to die," earned pity himself in the end. Thus he was saved from what one of his books described as "laughter in hell" by the last rites of the Catholic Church. Somebody's prayers, prayers possibly shorter than his sentences, were heard and pulled him through by a margin so close it turned his mass of flaming red hair to ashen white. Never was there a better example of the Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.

He moved in a circle of agnosticism for thirty years, but his unbeliefs were synthetic, unsure, and finally unseated. He was never without his mother's crucifix. It was in fact buried with him. At the age of six he gave her a glass of water which she pleaded for but which the doctor said she shouldn't have. She died and he was packed off to an orphanage where he received his only formal education until he ran away and became a road kid at the age of twelve. But he was forever grateful to the nuns who had taught him how to read and write.

He found on the road that Jews gave food and other people gave advice. So he teamed up with a Jewish boy, and while his partner went from door to door Jim went to the town's library and read until it was time for them to meet in the jungle and "dine out" for the evening.

Later he almost worked up to feather-weight champion of the world. Indeed he was matched three times with Johnny Kilbane, but they never met. A blow in one fight left him slap-happy for three days. In fact, he went through life with a badly bloodshot right eye and, as blas-

# One Eye on Heaven

**The story of a prodigal who finally found his way back home. Jim Tully was more than a hobo, prize fighter, and hardboiled novelist—he was also a penitent**

by FRANK SCULLY

phemic as he was at times, I suspect he always kept the other eye alerted for any signs from Heaven that he might be wrong. I believe that the slow paralysis which made him a living corpse during his last three years had its beginning in this trauma. In his novel *The Bruiser* he has a fighter win a heavyweight championship and never quite know it because he spends the rest of his life on his heels, and this, like most of his fiction, came perilously close to autobiography.

In his prime, his magnificent voice could talk your ears off, but for the last two years, he was down to whispers—most of his body inert from Parkinson's disease and arteriosclerosis. He would stare for hours at the ceiling. When the nurse would approach him with a hypo he'd fight her off, but an hour before he gave up the ghost on the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost, A. D. 1947, he finally decided to go quietly.

CONTRARY to general opinion, *Emmet Lawler* was not his first piece of creative writing. His fight record was. Boxers normally begin as preliminary boys and work up. Jim Tully began as a semifinalist by the simple formula of having printed up a record of ten fights which had not taken place yet. They were all knockouts.

Of those fights not in record books,

John Gilbert's was the most hilarious. Upbraided for hitting a matinee idol, Tully said that Gilbert was fanning himself to death. "So I put him to sleep for his own protection."

For Gilbert, Tully, Dreiser, *et al.* to be sleeping together is really Olympian humor, because the writers at least had as much affinity for the place as Sinclair Lewis when writing *Babbitt*. Maybe by now Lewis would love to be planted there too. People change.

At Tully's burial, the minister read "The House By The Side of The Road" and similar items hardly culled from *Laughter in Hell*.

But Jim's soul wasn't there, anyway, and his body didn't belong there either, because he should have been buried in Calvary, or back in St. Mary's, Ohio, with his mother.

That he was unique among \$1000-a-week scenario writers in quitting school at the age of twelve, I doubt. But he was unique in his admission of how little he contributed to a picture. "All I did for *Trader Horn*," he said, "was to tell the producer that animals were afraid of fire."

Tully raised the lowest form of writing, fan magazines, to its highest level and dragged the writing of novels from the lofty heights of *Lord Fauntleroy* down to the realism of *Shanty Irish*. He



was the first Hollywood writer to release an unretouched portrait of a director. That was "*Jarnegan*," who could be Jack Ford, Jim Cruze, Rex Ingram, or Jim Tully.

For *Beggars of Life*, *Circus Parade*, *The Bruiser*, and *Shadows of Men*, he received a lot of praise. For *Ladies in the Parlor* he got suppressed by Sumner. His book got him listed all over the world as the hobo author, despite the fact that he hadn't been in a boxcar in more than twenty-five years. When I first met him he owned a three-acre, \$100,000 estate on Toluca Lake, over the hill from Hollywood. A brick mansion, modeled on the lines of George Borrow's, and hidden among dozens of giant eucalyptus trees, it housed Hollywood's best library. In those days there weren't more than three civilized homes in that land of magnificent mansions, and Jim Tully's was one of the three.

Fifteen miles beyond this retreat which became too hemmed in for him, what with the Crosbys, Powells, Astors, Twelvetees, Brians, Bruces, Brents, Disneys, and other picture personalities building on all sides of him, Tully bought a 100-acre ranch at Chatsworth so that he might retreat farther from the civilization that attacked him from the west, where he found his fame, and the east, where he had none to lose.

He grew alfalfa on his acres and thought that when the revolution came he could live off his land, because land, in his curiously innocent opinion, is the last thing the revolutionists, whether from the left or right, will take. The revolution, to hear him tell it, was just beyond the tenth hill and several leagues this side of the horizon already.

He wrote over all the place. In one and the same month he appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Scribner's*, *True Confessions*, the *American Mercury*, and *Photoplay*. And if that isn't getting a feel of the public pulse, Lydia Pinkham never had it either.

Nobody has ever been quite so willing to go into doghouses as Tully, feeling certain he'd bark his way out before dawn. And his bark was far worse than his bite. He had a compassion for men, which hobbled his pride at every turn; that compassion, of course, took him out of the running in the Superman Sweepstakes, the Nietzschean dope sheet which drove its author crazy, Mencken to beer, and Shaw to clowning.

When Mencken sent Tully to San Quentin to report the hanging of a youth, Tully stood by the scaffold and watched the lad's neck pop, then sat down without a quaver of emotion or a break in a line and wrote his most hard-boiled report. Without even one

aside, "*A California Holiday*" remains the most terrible indictment against capital punishment ever written in America.

He would look at the magnificent estates of Beverly Hills, swear, and say, "You could feed five poets on what it costs to keep up one of these lawns."

He was apprenticed to a chain maker when twelve years old and subsequently ran away. He became a road kid and bummed his way around the country and in and out of jail for the next several years. During the war he was appointed a chain inspector and was always proud of the fact that not one foot of chain he had passed had been condemned subsequently.

Jim's wife was Myrtle Zwetow. She was as beautiful as a Brenda print. The only lady in surroundings where all try to play the part, she protected the ex-road-kid in the social clinches and kept him from those who would put him back in the chain gang from which he was the world's most eminent fugitive. She babied him till the end.

He used to go to New York twice a year just to see Dempsey, Mencken, Nathan, Winchell, Runyon, and others of the old mob, but after a week or two he began to die every night, waiting for the dawn, and then suddenly he would hop for his Hollywood hideaway.

The people he wrote about—hobos, prize fighters, circus troupers, prostitutes, fugitives from chain gangs, and beggars of life generally—are what the motion picture trade knows as money pictures, but Tully's treatment of them was too tough, in the main, for the censors. Producers found it easier to steal his raw material and dress it up as society drama, a seduction on a drawing-room couch being easier to condone, presumably, than one in a boxcar or haymow.

AT lunch with Walter Winchell, he asked the latter for the loan of his column.

"What for?" asked Winchell.

"To keep a road kid from burning," was the answer.

"Okay," said Winchell.

Between the two they saved the kid from the electric chair. He later studied journalism.

"I'm sorry now I didn't let him burn," said Tully.

How he could hold on to the roots of his serious Tully writing in such an atmosphere was the most enigmatic thing about Tully. Writers with as much industry, leaving out entirely the issue of talent, say to a man that they can't work in California. Tully on the other hand, swore by Hollywood. He couldn't work in New York.

One of those incredible accidents of





## Ought-a Be A Law!

ON A train to Washington four men sat in the smoker. One read a newspaper. Another a magazine. The third, a letter from his wife. The fourth smoked a cigar and looked out the window.

All of a sudden, a big man barged through the door and yelled, "George!"

All strangers and all named George, they asked what he wanted.

"I want George," the man said, "the porter!"

A printed card on the wall showed the porter's name: Elmer.

In Washington, the four men decided to do something about calling Pullman car porters George. They met with a namesake, George H. O'Connor, lawyer, singer, entertainer of Presidents, Mr. O'Connor, who had sung at White House parties since McKinley's day, advised his brothers to organize. They did.

From now on, any one who roams through a Pullman car calling for George is liable to hear from the SFTPOCPCPG—the Society for the Prevention of Calling Pullman Car Porters George.

A traveling salesman, years ago, started the custom. Today it is a national habit. Many a traveling man named George has fainted merely by hearing a woman's voice in back of him call out, George. It sounds like home. Could bring on hypertension, too; or a stroke.

To remedy this evil, the Society plans a membership drive. Open only to men named George. This name entitles the holder to all privileges of a nation-wide organization, unique and exclusive. It has no initiation fees, no dues. Expenses are limited. Stamps, stationery, printing; perhaps a round of drinks when Georges get together. Even office rent is free. National Headquarters—in the District Title Insurance Company Building, 1413

Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. were donated by George O'Connor.

On the first membership rolls were two state governors—George Silzer of New Jersey and George Earle of Pennsylvania. The late Senator George Moses of New Hampshire was an early president. Rabbi George Silverman and the Rev. George Middlemass, Methodist preacher, joined in the first year.

Up to now, the Society has never issued a press release. Nor does it conduct a lobby in Washington. Yet it could be a pressure group. There are sixty thousand Georges. And they have no chaplain since the death of Cardinal George Mundelein of Chicago. His Eminence was proposed for membership by George M. Cohan. Sergeant-at-Arms was George Herman (Babe) Ruth. George Ade, the humorist, was the poet laureate, and his post has never been filled.

The Society wants Steve Early, vice-president of the Pullman Co., to display cards in all Pullman cars—cards with the names of porters.

If a Pullman porter happens to be named George, he is made a member of the Society.

Though the Society holds no national convention, more than a hundred members went to Wakefield, Virginia in 1932, to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. The New York State chapter meets occasionally at Lake George. The Washington men, aside from National Headquarters, have a meeting place in old Georgetown. President of the local chapter is George Stimpson, well-known newspaperman and past president of the National Press Club, who recently wrote a best seller on the Bible. He has proposed the patron of the Society—Saint George.

JOHN JAY DALY

history turned him from working to writing for a living. He was twenty-two at the time, and had been sent by Martin Davey, the famous tree surgeon who rose to be governor of Ohio, into the south in command of ten men. His letters to Davey were so interesting the tree surgeon asked him to write something for the company's bulletin.

That was his first published piece, and though he didn't make much money at writing for a long time, he averaged \$80,000 a year between 1926 and 1936.

Tully could bury his talent for the glorification of others. I am not thinking particularly of his writings for Chaplin or other ghostings. I am thinking of a time ten or twelve years ago when it looked as if I would bow out myself. He offered to fulfill any of my writing commitments. I remember one he completed by stealing freely from his own files and putting my name on the finished product. He told the mother of our little gifts from heaven not to worry, that he would take care of them till they were able to fly off on their own.

POLITICALLY, he claimed to be neither of the left wing nor of the right wing, but all wings. I pray he was right in this. He deserved to be accepted by the wing commanders of Heaven for one thing alone: the silent agony of his last years on earth.

"I'm not exactly interested in writing," he once said to me, cocking his good eye toward the sky, "except that there is little else to be interested in. Dying, as I expect to die—outside the Church—I can't go to Heaven and I'm too old to make Limbo. My only remaining ambition is to invent something that will prevent hangovers."

He was wrong on all points in the end.

For three years he tried to finish an Irish fairy tale and couldn't get to the end. He died inside the Church. He didn't have to solve hangovers, because he drank and smoked nothing for his last three years. So his soul now reposes with Heywood Brown, Oscar Wilde, John Barrymore, Francis Perry Elliott, Jimmy Walker, and other latter-day prodigal sons of a merciful Mother of God.

He has confessed that he was only broke once in his life and that I was with him when it happened. I pitied him then, but I do not pity him now. As we hope he now rests in peace, all I ask is that he extend his help to those of us still this side of Purgatory.

**FRANK SCULLY**, author and politician, began his writing career on the old "New York Sun." He has since written several books.



# Stage and Screen



Vinnie (Dorothy Stickney) uses her womanly wiles on Clarence Day (Howard Lindsay) in this scene from "Life With Mother"

by JERRY COTTER

## The Days Again

Vinnie and Clarence Day are receiving visitors once more, and though callers will find things somewhat less explosive and not quite as hilarious as in previous visits, it is still a pleasant experience. In *LIFE WITH MOTHER*, playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have carried on where they left off in the unforgettable *Life with Father*.

The Day family is pretty much the same as ever. Maids come and go, father sputters, shouts, and roars his expletives, and the youngsters go their adolescent ways hampered occasionally by father, then soothed and encouraged by mother. Now that father's baptism has been safely taken care of, mother has another problem. It seems that during their engagement father had neglected to give her a solitaire. That never bothered mother too much until she discovered that father's previous fiancée had received one and to make matters even worse was still wearing it. Mother sees only one course to take. Father must retrieve the ring and make their own engagement official.

The warm, humorous approach that characterized the earlier glimpse into the rococo Day mansion has been successfully carried over this time, without a controversial angle to worry any member of the audience. Dorothy Stickney is well-nigh perfect as the harassed Vinnie, and Howard Lindsay reads his own lines with the proper pomposity and smug swagger. Every other member of the cast seems to have captured the true spirit of the occasion, and the resulting mild caricature sparkles with genteel gaiety, wholesome wit, and clever characterization.

## Other Footlight Ventures

The inimitable Ray Bolger is very successful in his joust with a resurrected version of the old Brandon Thomas farce,

*Charley's Aunt*. Given a better-than-average musical score, a supporting cast of capable singers and dancers, the chance to spend most of the evening onstage, and a sympathetic audience, Bolger turns *WHERE'S CHARLEY?* into a rollicking, spirited hit. At this point it didn't seem as if anyone could make audiences take "Charley" again, but Bolger and his group turn the trick. The dancing comic is at his best when given the opportunity to do one of his soft-shoe routines, and he lifts the entire production to an exuberant level from which it slips only when he dashes offstage to change costume. When he is in view, this musical has an impish quality that keeps the audience in an amiable mood. Allyn McLerie, Doretta Morrow, Byron Palmer, and all the others surrounding Bolger, enter into the spirit of things in this musical romp for the adult laugh-seeker.

*LOVE LIFE*, a variant on the musical comedy formula, has its moments of originality but they are not numerous enough to compensate for its shortcomings. Purporting to be a plea for the preservation of the American family, it carries one unit through the years from Colonial days to the penthouse era. Interspersed in the humorously treated disintegration of family life are such vaudeville leftovers as the Madrigal singers, an acrobat, and a minstrel number. Only the infectious personality of Nanette Fabray and the magnificent voice of Ray Middleton salvage this from mediocrity. In striving to point up a moral, the librettist and the director have concentrated on the immoral far too much to satisfy playgoers who find one-note, suggestive humor a complete waste of time.

In *THE MINSTREL BOY*, the Blackfriars Guild found a story ideally suited to their purposes. The production that



Above: Terry Moore and Glenn Ford in "Return of October." Right: Allyn McLerie with Ray Bolger, whose performance makes "Where's Charley?" a hit



resulted from their labors turned out to be a most auspicious premiere for the Guild's eighth New York season and a delightfully entertaining affair for anyone with Erin in his heart. W. A. S. Douglas has written the story of the immortal Tom Moore, whose ballads and contribution to the cause of Irish freedom will never be forgotten. The Guild presentation of his thoroughly enjoyable play was excellent in every department.

Tennessee Williams, whose *Glass Menagerie* was so beautiful and whose *Streetcar Named Desire* is so shoddy, tells another story of repression and frustration in *SUMMER AND SMOKE*. Far less poetic than his first hit and, thankfully, less sensational than his second, this cannot honestly be rated as his third. Though it has a certain misty quality that has passed in some quarters for poetic drama, it does not hold either the spiritual appeal or the substantial emotional lift that is necessary. The languid mood of a small Southern town has been captured, and so has the frightened frustration of the young lady who suffers the miseries of unrequited love. But that is not enough to make a truly great play, for Williams exhibits only a tenuous grasp of the truth in this bit of bemused mysticism. His characters seem more fragmentary montage beings than real images, and his lack of self-discipline in writing and thinking becomes all too plainly evident. Margaret Phillips, a new and brilliant young actress, does amazingly well with a part that might easily have slumped into an emotional binge, and Tod Andrews also earns praise in a less difficult chore. Jo Mielziner's setting is both beautiful and practical; the staging by Margo Jones is spotty but generally good; and the incidental music composed by Paul Bowles is anything but incidental to the net result. Only Williams seems to have fallen down on the job this time. With a new locale, fresh characters, and a concentration on the brighter aspects of the struggle between the spirit and the flesh, Williams may yet become a playwright of distinction. He is groping in the half-world of confused mysticism at this stage.

#### Clinical Drama

Depressing, necessarily grim, and devoid of any entertainment value, *THE SNAKE PIT* holds appeal for two types of movie-goers. First, the follower of morbid sensationalism, and

second, the serious-minded seeker of the provocative. For the latter, this adaptation of the Mary Jane Ward best-seller holds considerable interest and will prove definitely worthwhile.

The story of Virginia Cunningham, who experiences the horrors and nightmarish uncertainty of life in a state mental hospital, is not designed for the squeamish. However, it does not contribute importantly to the current crusade for greater care and attention to the mentally ill. If conditions are, as we understand, worse than those depicted in this Anatole Litvak production, then it is not merely a local but a national disgrace. In searing letters the story should be written for every state legislature to read and to see. As presented here, the plight of countless thousands, incapable of aiding themselves, is an indictment of political bureaucracy and, undoubtedly, corruption.

Portraying the bewildered, agonized patient was an assignment not many actresses would dare tackle. Olivia de Havilland has accomplished the impossible by capturing the frenzy, the fear, the distrust, and the scattered moments of lucidity most adroitly. Hers is a superb characterization. Excellent also are Leo Genn as an understanding doctor, Mark Stevens as her faithful husband, Helen Craig and Minna Gombell as nurses, and Ruth Donnelly, Celeste Holm, Beulah Bondi, Betsy Blair, and Isabel Jewell as ward patients.

This is strong, undiluted fare, not suited to the family entertainment excursion, but a clinical study, verging on the documentary. Mounted with technical perfection, it takes a prominent place among the screen's provocative masterpieces. (20th Century-Fox)

#### Reviews in Brief

**THE RETURN OF OCTOBER** is a whimsical adult comedy that is quite amusing when accepted at face value. A young girl inherits a fortune and decides to buy a race horse. When she solemnly declares her belief that it embodies the spirit of a recently deceased, beloved uncle, relatives hale her into court in an effort to prove insanity and thereby claim the estate. Foolish and fantastic, it also manages to be exciting and poignant at times. A really fine acting group has been collected, with Glenn Ford, newcomer Terry Moore, James Gleason, Henry O'Neil, Dame May Whitty, and Albert Sharpe doing nobly by the leads. Clever scripting has cir-

cumvented the questionable portion of the theme and transformed a minor matter into one of the year's sprightliest larks. (Columbia)

In **SEALED VERDICT**, Ray Milland plunges into the problem of the German war guilt with as much vigor as he has battled alcoholism, murder, and spies in his previous cinematic valors. In a confused and confusing style, the script sets out to demonstrate how the democratic form of justice requires proof. Milland is a prosecuting officer who brings about the conviction of a German general, then decides to prove the Nazi's guilt. Doubt begins to set in. His love of justice is commendable even though audience ardor has cooled considerably by the time all questions have been answered. Milland is capable, as always, with Florence Marly, Broderick Crawford, John Hoyt, and John Ridgely doing what they can to inject some excitement into a rather flat exhibit. (Paramount)

Lassie's latest screen romp, **HILLS OF HOME**, is splendid family fun with enough of the canine star to keep the youngsters happy and a splendid performance by Edmund Gwenn to attract the oldsters. As a lovable Scottish doctor who is devoted to the people of his glen, Gwenn is at his best. Though the final sequence seems out of place in an otherwise humorous and appealing production, it does not detract from the film's high entertainment rating to any appreciable degree. Technicolor adds to the beauty, and troupers like Donald Crisp, Tom Drake, Janet Leigh, Rhys Williams, and Reginald Owen make the dramatic portions highly effective. For the entire family. (M-G-M)

Dumas might have some difficulty in recognizing his swash-buckling yarn, **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**, in its present form, but we've no doubt he would be quite pleased with the result. It has color, action, the grandiose touch in its production, and far more than a palatable amount of suggestiveness in its love-making. The result is a splashy canvas in vivid Technicolor hues that never quite lives up to its pretensions despite the presence of such top names as Gene Kelly, June Allyson, Van Heflin, Frank Morgan, and Vincent Price. Lana Turner does her miniature Mae West impersonation as Lady DeWinter. Humorous, when it isn't

overly suggestive, this tongue-in-cheek adaptation of the D'Artagnan antics has exciting moments, but there aren't enough of them to compensate for the leers. (M-G-M)

A beautifully restrained and sensitive interpretation by Jane Wyman gives **JOHNNY BELINDA** an emotional tug that makes you overlook its story deficiencies. As a deaf mute in a small community on Cape Breton Island, she carries the audience along with her through a series of experiences as rough as the Atlantic at her doorstep and as maudlin as a soap-opera synopsis. Melodrama and violence vie for top interest with the simplicity of the principal character and the scenic beauty, with the performance of Miss Wyman serving to co-ordinate and lift the entire production. Her acting of a complex role is one of the year's histrionic high-points. Recommended for discriminating audiences, rather than the casual entertainment-seeker. (Warner Brothers)

**ROGUE'S REGIMENT** is a thrice-told tale about intrigue in the Orient, with the French Foreign Legion tossed into the recipe for added thrills. This one just doesn't come off despite the good work of Dick Powell, Stephen McNally, and Vincent Price. French Indo-China is the background, and there are ex-Nazis, Russian agents, an American Intelligence officer, a wealthy and unscrupulous merchant who deals with all sides, and the inevitable night club singer, who does her spying between stints at a Saigon cafe. For the adult who still gets a thrill out of reading *Terry and the Pirates*. (Universal-International)

In what must be the most repelling screen title of all time, **KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS**, we find a melodrama of postwar demoralization. It is somberly presented, intensely moody, and has been produced with an eye to sensationalism in content as well as title. Burt Lancaster and Joan Fontaine are the stars, but neither offers more than passably acceptable interpretations. He is a vet fleeing a saloon brawl, she a hospital worker who sinks to his level for a time, but eventually brings about a mutual realization of their obligations to society and themselves. Intriguing in spots, this is not attractive enough as a unit to overcome the gaudy sensationalisms of its title and the more violent episodes. (Universal-International)



Above: Lew Ayres befriends deaf mute Jane Wyman in "Johnny Belinda." Left: Lassie returns with Edmund Gwenn and Tom Drake in "The Hills of Home"





A nativity scene. St. Joseph is shown in a reverent, prayerful posture of the Congo.



A Congolese man interested for his people who are debating according to pagan ritual.

## ART and RELIGION

Though the Catholic Church in her essential doctrine belongs to all peoples, it is nevertheless true that her official language and customs are closely related to the Greek-Latin culture. The problem that confronts a missionary, and a problem the Church insists he face, is the presentation of Catholic truth without at the same time foisting an alien European culture upon native peoples. The Church seeks to spread the faith through the medium of native art and culture, so that Catholicism will become part of their national heritage.

The above sketches are the work of Father Vandenhoude of the Immaculate Heart Missions, a Belgian priest working in the African Congo. A former art student, Father is interested in promoting Christian expression in Congolese art. In interpreting his work, he warns we cannot judge according to our ideas of order or beauty.

His art is the expression of norms of beauty that appeal to the hearts of the natives. He was encouraged by the simplicity and clarity of their artistic work. Their art is didactic and easily adaptable to the portrayal of Christian truths. There are not complications of surface, perspective, or volume. The natives work out their sculpture and painting as bas-relief without perspective. All personages stand next to one another on the same plane; there is no background. The postures of the personages are also significant. The Negro woman in sorrow, for instance, is not portrayed wiping her eyes but with her arms about her neck. Simon of Cyrene carries the cross on his head in true Congolese fashion. In many instances, the size of a character indicates its importance.

Though praised by eminent critics, Father Vandenhoude does not claim that his work is perfect or definitive. His purpose is merely to show the way for Christian expression in the art of the Congo.





A portrayal of "The descent into hell," the Christus in mid-air is definitely Negroized.



They meet just before the way, the mother is sketched larger to emphasize her grief.



Mother and Child before a Negro boy. This symbolizes the revelation to the Gentiles.



The Thirteenth Station: The Carpenter, Jesus as old man in the arm of Christ.



A crucifixion scene. St. John, portrayed as a Congolese, represents the Negroes



A symbolic picture of prayer. A saint is shown between the women and the Trinity



Scene of the scourging. Christ appears in tatters to show how He was beaten by men



A symbolic picture of the Sacrament of Penance. Christ pardons through His priest



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# ~~RADIO~~ and **TELEVISION**

by DOROTHY KLOCK

## The Silver Spoon Boys

It is popular belief that some people just seem to be born lucky, but after you have been knocking around in the world of budgets and bank balances a while, you discover that the major part of luck is finding the right formula and staying with it until you've got it pretty near the point of perfection. That is the AMOS AND ANDY story. The silver spoon with which they have been feeding themselves fame and fortune for more than twenty years did not just happen along into their mouths. There is plenty of truth in the claim of their head script writer, Robert Ross, who says that they are the hardest working performers in all radio history.

And while we're on the silver spoon motif, here's the way in which A. and A. manage to share their flatware. In the twenty years of their air life, they have amassed many namesakes, ranging from twin boys through twin tractors to twin elephants, the latter in the St. Louis zoo. "Amos 'n' Andy" have made it a practice to give all human namesakes silver spoons, engraved "To Amos from Amos" and "To Andy from Andy."

Only for a quirk of fate, they might never have met. One day back in August 1919, Andy was sent by a Chicago firm to coach amateur theatricals in Durham, North Carolina. He was busily at work when the company dispatched Amos as his assistant. They had never met, but their employers figured the contact could be made easily at Andy's hotel.

However, neither the bosses nor Amos had counted on Andy's notoriously illegible signature. The register showed nobody there by that name, and the clerk, the bellhops, and the chambermaids had never heard of him.

For three days, Amos checked and rechecked the register to no avail. Finally he decided there was no use and on his way to the station, he passed the local Elks Club. There an amateur

group was rehearsing for a performance of *Captain Applejack*. Amos went in and inquired of the troupe half-heartedly. And lo and behold, Andy stepped up from a clutter of props and scripts to extend his hand in welcome.

An *Amos 'n' Andy* show on the air is no longer news, but there is a recent event in their fortunes which made trade-paper headlines and has set the pattern for thought on the part of many other top-flight comedians. The boys have sold themselves outright to the Columbia Broadcasting System, and they are now one of the most valued possessions of CBS. They are zooming along with as good a show as ever.

In March of this year, *Amos 'n' Andy* celebrated their twentieth anniversary. In earlier days, they wrote telephone history as well as radio history by the marked depression in the curve of evening phone calls when they were on the air. The deft ways with radio comedy which they learned then have not as yet been excelled. (CBS, Sunday, 7:30—8:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

## Our Miss Brooks

"School was never like this!" moans many a fireside listener these days. And when OUR MISS BROOKS is the teacher, how true!



Eve Arden plays the title role in the CBS "Our Miss Brooks" show

Miss Brooks first aired her winning and witty ways in the classroom on the springtime air. After a brief summer hiatus, she appeared again and now, at last, she has achieved the goal of all aspiring radio characters. She has been "sold."

Of course, you must not believe that her sparkling come-backs as a teacher of English in a high school are typical. ("Naw!", says Johnny. "Gee whiz! I never had a teacher like that!") Nor is Miss Brooks' unrequited love for the biology teacher, Mr. Boynton, to be taken as the pattern for faculties hither and yon. But on the whole, it cannot be denied that Miss Brooks, as played by the word-wise Eve Arden, can bring you several moments of real laughter in each broadcast and more than a few occasions for some real thought on our present educational systems.

For instance, there is worked into the script at not too frequent intervals, sage comments on teachers' low salaries and overcrowded classrooms. There is just enough of that kind of comment to make you think without sounding soapboxish.

Usually the dialogue is good, although the situations used are often weak. There are too many stock local characters, with much overbrowed acting from overeager actors. But the music bridges are deft and are lightly orchestrated, a welcome change from the ponderous stuff that is to be heard on far too many dramatic programs these days. (CBS, Sunday, 9:30—10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

## Television Tips

Just to show you how that old debbil video octopus has stretched out in all directions to bring you an eyeful as well as an earful, audio-wise, here is a list of the varied dishes now being served on television screens throughout the country. Remember that television is still on a local or regional basis, so don't blame your editor if some of the most delectable tidbits are not available in your area:

Dramatizations of James Thurber's most popular stories

The victims of the *Candid Microphone* and the *Candid Movie Camera* Paul Muni in *Counselor-at-Law* (Philco Television Playhouse)

*America's Town Meeting of the Air* Scores of people playing *Break the Bank*

*Tales of the Red Caboose*, via which the Lionel Corporation hopes to sell trains to youngsters of six and sixty (ABC)

*Roar of the Rails*, via which CBS hopes to win much of the same audience.

## CAROL OF LIGHT

by SISTER MARY ADA, C.S.J.

*The straw was so golden,  
The sky was so bright,  
And Our Lady's blue eyes  
Were stars of delight.*

*And great shining angels,  
Like rainbows of grace,  
Were making the hillside  
A glorious place.*

*The light of the lantern  
That hung on the wall  
Made golden the stable—  
Gold rafters and all.*

*And Joseph, there, smiling,  
Seemed tawny and gold  
When the Light of the World  
Was three hours old.*

## THE WINTER STORY

by BERNIECE BUNN CHRISTMAN

*I did not see the star,  
But I have heard the singing,  
Silver-blown, as from afar  
Where angel-bands went winging.*

*Across the winter white,  
Below some star's long streaming,  
I have seen that other night  
When Bethlehem lay dreaming.*

*I did not see The Child,  
But I have held a candle  
And talked with shepherds as they smiled  
And wax dripped on my sandal.*

## IN TIME OF PRIDE

by LOUIS J. SANKER

*Beware of the sin of the serpent  
Who lurks in malevolent shade;  
The fang and the pang of the serpent  
With head at the heel of the Maid;  
And come with the children, and hearken  
To legions of angels enchanted,  
The stable roof luminant slanted  
To dazzle of star as skies darken.*

*Beware of the breed of the serpent  
Whom Lucifer led to rebel;  
The wrench and the stench of the serpent  
That stifles the blackness of hell.  
Oh! rather, where stable winds fumble  
The latch, and rustle the manger,  
Come kneel at the crib of the Stranger  
And honor your King with the humble.*

The Ford Television Theater, a companion piece to the radio show *Child's World*, with Helen Parkhurst finding out what tickings go on inside young minds

*Alexander's Quizdom Class*, if you like this sort of thing

*Lucky Pup*, a CBS series using—you're right!—puppets

Plenty of drama—laughs, sighs, tears on *Chevrolet on Broadway* and *Actors' Studio* (the latter, probably the best of the newest crop of television dramatic efforts)

The National Horse Show

And football galore!

### You Ought to Know That . . .

THE NBC UNIVERSITY THEATER, broadcast on Sunday afternoons from 2:30 to 3:30, E.S.T. from Hollywood, does hour-long dramatizations of modern American and British literature.

WHO SAID THAT?, loudly lauded in these columns some months back, can now be heard on the NBC network on Sunday from 12 noon to 12:30 E.S.T., except on WNBC in New York, which carries the program at 11:30 Monday night. Robert Trout continues as the suave master of ceremonies.

THE FAMILY HOUR OF STARS is the successor to the perennially successful *Family Hour* on Sunday afternoon. Originally a musical program, the new format calls for a half-hour dramatic production featuring one of a repertory group of major Hollywood stars rotated weekly. The stars are Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis, Ray Milland, Gregory Peck, Ginger Rogers, and Robert Taylor.

MEMO FROM LAKE SUCCESS, carried on Saturdays from 6:15 to 6:30 on the CBS network, presents reports on the deliberations of the United Nations General Assembly and Security Council as well as interviews with leading U.N. personalities. The program is prepared by the U.N. Radio Division.

WE, THE PEOPLE, the CBS and CBS-TV Tuesday night program (9:00–9:30 P.M. E.S.T.) will bring its listeners on-the-spot information about conditions in Europe, gathered via tape recordings made by the program's producers in Germany, England, France, etc.

Some of your old favorites will bring you music to delight the heart during December on THE TELEPHONE HOUR. They are Fritz Kreisler on Dec. 6, Lily Pons on Dec. 13, and John Charles Thomas on Dec. 20. (NBC, Monday, 9:00–9:30 P.M., E.S.T.)



# Christmas Angels

by

WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

"BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people"—of all the world, of all the ages: "for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." This was the news all men had awaited since the fall of Adam; this is the news that all the world looks back to as the ages sift out from the fingers of men until the last grain of time is gone. If angels, by their very name, are messengers, bearers of news, then the first Christmas was a day for angels; the coming of the Saviour was a news item worthy of the best efforts of the heavenly newsmen.

It would be unfair to describe the work of the angels at Christmas in an anonymous, impersonal fashion, the proud role of the news bearer hidden in the greatness of the tidings. And God is never unfair. He has given us a personal introduction to three of the seven who stand before His throne, the great archangels who are rushed into the affairs of men only when these affairs are great: Raphael, the Medicine of God and Companion of the roads men tread; Gabriel, the Strength or Courage of God; and Michael, He Who is Like God. Surely Christmas is a time for the archangels, for nothing greater has happened in the history of the world.

Michael at Christmas? It sounds as incongruous as a tank, its guns roaring, trundling up the aisle at a marriage ceremony! This is the fighting archangel; the beloved patron of Irish and Poles who have had so much of battle; the scourge of Satan and his hordes, hurling them from the heights of heaven to the depths of hell; the implacable guardian of the Paradise that was lost. Poor Michael, victim of that strange mental quirk which sees a peaceful man as timid—as if timidity could keep the peace!

Michael—He Who is Like God—is not

to be pushed into brawling. Anyone can start a fight, and physical battles are no more than the ticktock of history marking the failures of men. Rather, Michael is the angel of things so huge, so sweeping as to be obviously divine; whole things; things as all embracing as peace and the salvation of men. He is rightly seen as the angel of peace to whom is committed the conducting home of the souls of men. He is rightly beloved of Ireland and Poland, who have seen so little of peace and whose eyes have always been fixed on the far homeland. Perhaps he did have to proceed against the disturbers of the peace in Paradise and in heaven; but these were small jobs. At Christmas time, he came into his own, preparing the house of the world for the coming of the Son by his own peculiar work of



peace, world-wide, profound peace; leading men to take that huge step toward home which is the step down into the cave of Bethlehem. Every Christmas since, there is peace to be wrought from the quarrels of men, and hearts to be humbled before the cradle of God.

Raphael, the Medicine of God, was the angelic healer who did on a small

scale what the Saviour was to do with divine extravagance as He walked among the miseries of men. There was no work for a medical man at Bethlehem; though there was the miracle of the virgin birth that made the healer's labors unnecessary. It is in his role as companion of the way that Raphael is the most immediately appealing of the archangels: reaching out his protecting presence against the loneliness and timidity of the young Tobias, the anxieties and fears of his parents, the dangers of the long road; giving the fullness of his angelic understanding and of his angelic strength to the young man and maid, to the consecration of marriage, to the joys of homecoming.

Joseph had a long road to go before Bethlehem. Mary had the long, long road to the heart of a man. The two, Mary and Joseph, had the lovely, long road of companionship and serenity in marriage. There were the anxious road to Bethlehem, the interminable road to Egypt, the happy road home to Nazareth. The Magi, too, came a long way to Bethlehem; and the shepherds came just as far with but a few steps. There is need indeed at Christmas for an angelic companion of the way.

Gabriel, the Strength or Courage of God, is best known to us as immediately engaged in the momentous business of the coming of the Son of God among men. He was the direct bearer of the great news: to Zachary, to Mary, and probably to Joseph in his dream and to the Magi in their stars. Yet his very name dedicates Gabriel to the accomplishment of hard things, tasks worthy of a courage and strength most like the divine; and here he is sent with a message to an elderly priest, an innocent young girl, a just and simple man, the wise men of the East, and the deeply faithful shepherds. Hard? Yes, the hardest thing of all. For Gabriel, you will notice, was persistently pitted against the will of man—a fitting test of strength even for the courage and strength of God: to win the faith of an old man to a naturally incredible thing; to win the will of the maid of Nazareth to the stupendous task of mothering God; to win the will of a just man over perfectly reasonable misgivings; to set the feet of wise men on a road marked out only by a star; to win the will of the shepherds to news too good to be true. To make clear the divine will and assure its fulfillment by the wills of men—even yet, that is the supremely difficult task.

Michael, Raphael, Gabriel. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

## Opportunity Knocks Again

Joe Baksi, the Kulpmont, Pa. fighter, may never win the heavyweight championship of the world, but the former coal miner can never complain that he didn't have enough chances. Two years ago, just after his convincing knockout of the British Champion, Bruce Woodcock, Baksi could have had a shot at Joe Louis' title by the mere formality of signing the papers. But the Kulpmont clouter decided that he would rather travel instead. They say travel broadens one, and you should have seen how broad Baksi was when he decided to pay a courtesy call to Sweden and pick up a few kronor by meeting Ole Tandberg, the Swedish Champ. This certainly figured to be a softer touch than facing Joe Louis, though it wouldn't pay as much. The fly in the ointment was that the Kulpmont boy was woefully out of shape and dropped a decision to Tandberg. Those who later saw Tandberg in New York with Maxim still can't figure out how Baksi lost this one.

Now Baksi, a real good fighter when he's in shape, gets another chance. He meets Ezzard Charles at the Garden December 10, and Joe Louis has announced that he will defend his title against the winner of this fight, if the winner is impressive. It figures to be a good fight.

## Santa's There Too

You can search all the record books . . . study reserve lists . . . talk to scouts, coaches, players young and old . . . but you won't find any record of him or anyone who recalls ever seeing him perform in a game. Yet, once each year, a fellow known as Santa Claus climbs



Joe Baksi, heavyweight. Will he face Joe Louis?

# SPORTS

by

**DON DUNPHY**

into the familiar Ranger Blue shirt, gets out on the ice with the New York team, and helps them win a hockey game.

Nobody gets benched when Mr. Claus plays. Sure, the Blue Shirts are playing seven against six—but they've never been penalized by the referee nor censured by the league headquarters.

He comes out the same evening each season—appropriately enough on Christmas Night. And, once he takes his stick in hand and skates into action, the Broadway Blues swing off to victory. Since their inception in the fall of '26, the Rangers have been scheduled for sixteen Christmas Night games. They've been beaten only once, away back in 1928, and then by a narrow 1-0 margin. They've won fourteen other December 25th engagements, seven by shutouts, and been tied once.

Tommy Ivan and his band of Red Wings fell before the seven-man Ranger squad last season 2-0 in Detroit's own Olympia Stadium. The year before, Dick Irvin brought his Stanley Cup

champion Montreal Canadiens into Madison Square Garden, but they, too, found the strengthened opposition too tough and left town sorrowfully on the short end of a 2-0 score.

Back in 1943-44 when the war years had torn the Ranger line-up to shreds and the Blues had all they could do to ice a complete team, Santa didn't forget his usual stop. Although the New York sextet had its most dismal year, winning only six games all season, you can be certain their Noel Night meeting was successful. The Toronto Maple Leafs were the victims on that occasion, losing 5-3.

Three of the shutout triumphs came in successive years. The Blues knocked off the old Amerks 6-0 in '31, avenging their lone December 25th setback registered three years earlier. Twelve months later they took the Montreal Maroons, 2-0 and in '33 repeated against the Maroons 3-0. Another blanking was recorded against the Boston Bruins 1-0 in '38. The solitary clash that wound up deadlocked was with the Chicago Blackhawks in 1940.

How fine a defensive player is Santa is evidenced in total Christmas Night statistics, which reveal that the combined opposition has scored a mere fifteen goals in sixteen games—less than a goal a game. This year the Rangers play the Canadiens Christmas Night, and, while Stan Saplin, Ranger publicist, hasn't heard from his ace forward-defenseman-goalie as yet, he is sure that Santa Claus will occupy his familiar spot in the Blue Shirt line-up and that the results will be the same.

## Teeder Leaf

When Syl Apps announced his retirement from hockey last spring, there was no question about who would fill his shoes as captain of the Toronto Maple Leafs. The Leaf management, the fans, the sportswriters, and the players themselves agreed that Ted (Teeder) Kennedy was the man for the job.



Hockey ace Ted Kennedy, new Maple Leafs' captain



Probably the hardest working hockey-ist in the National Hockey League, or any other league, Kennedy, an ace stickhandler, a hard-shooting scorer, a fine all-around athlete, was the closest approach to the inspiring Apples one could find. Big, rugged, strong, Kennedy has the appearance too of an athletic leader. He knows hockey as few players do, and his ice strategy would pay credit to a player much older than the twenty-two-year-old Ted.

Always a top scorer, Teeder can trace his sniping skill to the tutoring of Nels Stewart, all-time scoring leader of the N.H.L. and the man who coached Ted when he played with Port Colborne minor teams.

Stewart's words of advice and Kennedy's hero worship of Charlie Conacher hurried his climb through hockey's minor brackets. At seventeen, after starring with the Port Colborne seniors, Kennedy turned pro with the Leafs—and with the exception of the 1945-46 season, when an early injury kept him out for the season, he has been a top performer, an important cog in three Stanley Cup triumphs.

Ted centers wingers Lynn and Meeker on the "New Kid Line," and this trio's play has been compared to the greatest of all Toronto forward combos—the old Kid Line of Primeau, Conacher, and Jackson. Ted topped the list of play-off scorers last spring, his total of fourteen points in nine games tying the Toronto record set by Syl Apps in thirteen games in the 1941-42 play-offs.

Ted was married to a Toronto girl during the summer.

### Basketball Roundup

The basketball season is with us once again, and that means it is time to take stock of what the various sections of the country have to offer in the way of top-flight quintets for the 1948-49 court campaign. With the help of Herb Harris, A.B.C.'s famed basketball prognosticator, we've pretty well cased the teams around the country, and this is what we find.

The University of Kentucky, a power in collegiate cage circles the last couple of years, is apt to emerge as the nation's leading team for the second year in a row. Winners of the N.C.A.A. Championship last year, with its five starters members of the Olympic team, the Wildcats figure to be better than ever in the coming season. Only Captain Rollins was lost from last year's powerhouse, and this year's starting team is playing together for the fourth year in a row. Not only is Kentucky great as a team with a strong line of reserves, but some of its first stringers are individually



*High scorer Richard Dickey of North Carolina State*

brilliant. For instance Wah Wah Jones, Alex Groza, and Ralph Beard all were selected on the American Broadcasting System's All-American Basketball team, an almost unheard of feat of placing three men from one college on an "A" team. It's hard to figure out who might displace Kentucky as the number-one team, but of course you never can tell. The imponderables and the unpredictables that crop up every season in every sport may take a hand, but as of now that seems unlikely.

In the East, Yale, which has looked none too good in basketball in past years, is a dark horse selection to win the Eastern Intercollegiate Championship, which, as you know, is contested for by the so-called Ivy League Colleges. Tony Lavelli, one of the country's top scorers the last couple of years, will again pace the Elis. Pennsylvania, coached for the first time by Howie Dallmar, who also plays for the pro Philly Warriors, and Dartmouth, should furnish Yale its chief opposition. Defending champion, Columbia, lost such fine players as Walter Budko and Bruce Gehrke by graduation and doesn't figure as strong.

Holy Cross was the East's top team a year ago and figures to be in the upper brackets again. Manhattan, coached by Kenny Norton, and LaSalle of Philadelphia, with an all-veteran team, will provide many surprises during the season. Long Island University has a strong team, but too tough a schedule may prove its undoing. In one stretch, the Blackbirds play seven games on the road in ten days. Fordham should be fair this season.

Down South, besides Kentucky, the strong teams are North Carolina State

and Tulane. State is sparked by the sensational Richard L. Dickey, who averaged better than twelve points per game for thirty-one games last year. In pre-season ratings, Dickey is rated as one of the top scorers in the Nation's collegiate scoring race.

Michigan won the Big Nine title last year but lost its coach, Ossie Cowles, to Minnesota. Both of these teams will be strong, particularly the Gophers, who will have Jim McIntyre, the giant center, a tough man to stop.

Notre Dame, of course, is always good in basketball, and this season will be no exception. The Irish had some rocky times a year ago, mainly because Johnny Brennan was out with a broken wrist most of the season. With Brennan hale and hearty again and with Kevin O'Shea to team up with him, Notre Dame rates as top flight.

DePaul of Chicago, which is usually one of the leaders, is a question mark right now. For the first time since he started coaching there, Ray Meyer will have no Mikans throwing in baskets for him. Big George (6 ft. 9 in.) and Big Ed (6 ft. 6 in.) have graduated, and there is no big man to take their place. A young team, it may suffer from lack of experience.

Oklahoma, coached by Bruce Drake, figures to lead the Big Seven, while St. Louis and Oklahoma A & M will battle it out in the Missouri Valley Conference. All-American Ed Macauley will be back at St. Louis, and that won't hurt them a bit.

In the Skyline Six, the Rocky Mountain section, Wyoming is picked to dethrone Brigham Young, with Denver a strong contender. Out on the Pacific Coast, Washington State, California, and Nevada are strong, while Santa Clara is on the upgrade. Speaking of the Coast reminds us that San Francisco's Cow Palace, similar to New York's Madison Square Garden, will be used for collegiate basketball doubleheaders, which means that from now on there will be plenty of coast-to-coast basketball trekking. Long Island University and City College of New York have already accepted invitations to play out there.

This brings us to the close of our basketball roundup. We'd like to qualify it by saying that it is written before the season begins and the teams are rated mostly on what they did a year ago, how much or how little they were hurt by graduations, and what good players are coming up. Also we were aided by letters from coaches and other basketball experts around the country. But, as we said, this is written before the season and an awful lot can happen before next March.

**A**MONG the childhood memories of his church which a Catholic cherishes, surely one of the most loving and satisfying is that of the Christmas crib.

Holding tightly to his mother's hand, the youngster walks up the aisle to where the Little Jesus is waiting to receive him with outstretched arms. Here are no august saints with flowing beards and with mighty tomes clasped in their arms, nor even grown women in flowing robes, bearing the instruments of their martyrdom.

Instead, there is the familiar scene of the Christ Child in the straw-filled manger, with His mother and father, kneeling by and the ox and ass keeping the Holy Family warm with their breath. The shepherds are present, too, with their little lambs; and later in the octave of Christmas, the Three Kings are bringing their gifts to the Babe. Even the angels hovering above are comforting guardians to the child worshiper, as he whispers his prayers to the Infant.

The reason for this pictorial presentation of one of the most joyous religious feasts is not difficult to discover. The Church has always tried to "teach by showing." And how better to present the loving humility of the Saviour than by depicting His birth in the stable at Bethlehem?

The entire tradition of the crib goes back to the very earliest times. The words of St. Luke are almost too well known to be repeated: "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke 2,7).

The likelihood is that the real stable of Bethlehem was a cave, situated on the eastern hill of the town. Here shepherds were probably wont to shelter their sheep from cold and storm. Very possibly the ox and ass which are present in all cribs today were in the stable on that sacred occasion. The ancient tradition takes extra credence from the words of Isaiah, who says in Chapter I, verse 3: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

That this birthplace of Christ meant much to the early Christians is evident from the efforts the pagans exerted to root out all memory of it. In fact, Emperor Hadrian attempted to stamp out this early spot for Christian veneration by ordering a wood to be planted there and a sanctuary to Adonis built over the site of the Nativity. But pagan love could not survive against love of the Babe.

Today, the pilgrim to this holy shrine can see the grotto wherein the manger stood. It is preserved under a basilica

# The Christ Child's Bed

The art of making Christmas cribs has flourished  
for centuries in the Church. The scene depicted  
has an undying appeal to the heart

by LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN

and is reached from the upper church by a double flight of stairs, which converge at a place where, according to tradition, the Infant was born. The exact spot is marked by a silver star set into the stone floor and containing the words: "*Hic de Maria Virgine Jesus Christus natus est*"—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

To the southwest of this holy spot is the position assigned to the manger itself. Here the Babe was laid, and here, according to tradition, the Magi came to adore their King and bring Him gifts. It was over six hundred years ago—in 1347—that the Franciscans obtained the right to hold services there and became in a sense protectors of the sacred place.

In 1223 St. Francis of Assisi set up a crib at Greccio. As he said to his friend, Giovanni Vellita, whom he sent on ahead to Greccio to make preparations: "I desire to represent the birth of that Child in Bethlehem in such a way that with the eyes of our bodies we may see all that He suffered for lack of the necessities for a new-born Babe, and how He lay in the manger between the ox and ass."

Real, indeed, was Francis' Presepio, though it contained no statues! The manger was filled with hay from surrounding barns; an ox and ass were led there; and a multitude of lights glowed in the open place. Songs and hymns echoed and re-echoed through the woods as villagers and people from thereabouts came, just as they had on the first Christmas Eve. The manger was so arranged that Mass was celebrated on it, while Francis sang the Gospel and preached to the faithful on the Nativity of Christ, or, as he chose to call Him with infinite tenderness in his voice, "the little Baby of Bethlehem."

But most miraculous of all was the vision told by Giovanni. He saw, lying in the manger, a seemingly lifeless babe, whom the saint approached and roused out of His sleep. And for many years thereafter the hay from this manger at Greccio was thought to possess miraculous powers for healing women in childbirth and suffering animals.

But perhaps the real miracle was the sudden upsurge of love and devotion toward the Christ Child not only in the hearts of those simple folk at Greccio but of the Christians throughout the world. In the following centuries the Child came to the arms of St. Anthony, and also to St. Gertrude, throwing His arms around His mother's neck. Artists loved to picture the Babe as a perfect infant, laughing, kicking, delighting in the simple gifts the countryfolk brought to him. Poets and prose writers vied to tell the appealing story of the Child.

**N**O wonder the story of the Greccio Christmas spread, touching, as it did, the hearts of men! Soon the type of crib with which we are familiar today—with figure representations—was widespread. Each church had its own, the best that money could buy. The original manger became a regular cradle, fashioned of carved wood, ivory, and silver. Sometimes it was ornamented with precious jewels. At times it was used as a reliquary for some fragments of the Bethlehem grotto.

Many families, too, had their own cradles, while in some convents of Flanders each nun had in her own room a cradle for this little Prince, with the sheets edged with the finest lace! The Babe himself was generally a wax image.

With the coming of the counter-Reformation in the sixteenth century, devotion to the Child Jesus assumed a note

of deeper awareness. No longer did the Child play with St. John or learn cat's cradle from St. Anne, as He had in the earlier Renaissance. Instead, He played with the symbols of His Passion, such as the cross.

Cribs became most elaborate in Italy. One which was set up for a son of the Medici is described as having heavens which opened, clouds which descended, while a quantity of angels flew about and came down to earth.

The German genius for mechanical invention was shown in the first clock-work cribs, such as that at the cathedral of Münster, where at noon the Magi appeared and passed in front of the Infant, each bowing while the clock played the melody of the hymn, "*In Dulci Jubilo*."

Although the Germans had many magnificent cribs, the cult of the Presepio was also tenderly cherished by the common folk. Most homes had their own crib, and crib-making became a recognized art and handicraft. Whole

villages were employed in it, and a tradition for carving or modeling was often handed down from one generation of a family to another.

Meanwhile, the cribs of France showed either an affected simplicity or were most elaborate. While St. Joseph and the Virgin still wore their traditional robes, the other characters were garbed in costumes of the period, and the setting was that of a French countryside and house. Indeed, the cribs which belonged to the period of Louis XV and Louis XVI were marked by the most sophisticated elegance, the shepherds and shepherdesses being courtiers and their ladies.

The art of Presepio-making also flourished in Naples by the end of the sixteenth century. Artists engaged in this were called *Figurarum Sculptores*, or more commonly *Figurari*. They congregated in one street, where their descendants still follow the same trade of making plaster figures. The skill of these Neapolitan workmen left that of

all other workmen behind. On their figures, the head, hands, and feet were beautifully modeled, then baked and coated with size, and painted. Each tiny detail was perfect.

Other members of the *Figurari*'s families became experts in dressing these figures. In fact, Presepio-making became a most lucrative trade.

BY the eighteenth century, some four hundred Neapolitan churches set up cribs, and most private homes had their "Bethlehem." The season of Advent was spent in setting these up. Often they were placed on the flat roofs of the houses. In other cases, whole floors of homes were given over to them! During the Christmas holiday, the social activity was always to visit other people's cribs, admiring and criticizing. The crowds visiting one courtier's Presepio was so great that soldiers had to be called in to keep order.

In other parts of Italy, devotion to the crib also flourished. Naturally Rome had many a famous Presepio. One such described by a Dominican Father early in the eighteenth century belonged to a Roman prelate who transformed his entire house into a plaster Nativity play, with a different scene presented in tableau form in each room.

Of course, the Romans had the relics of the true crib in the Presepio chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, or St. Mary Major. But they had something more: the *Santo Bambino de Ara Coeli*, or the Babe of the Franciscan church of the Ara Coeli. According to tradition, this wood-carved figure of the Babe came from the Holy Land. Through the years, it has been bedecked with valuable jewels. Each year it is still carried in procession on the Feast of the Epiphany by the Minister General of the Friars Minor, who blesses the city with it from the top of the high flight of stairs that leads to the main entrance of the church. Many miracles are attributed to the Bambino.

As in other countries, Spain and Portugal had their cribs, and even a great industry of crib-making. Through these countries, the cult spread to South America. The North American continent also took the Babe to its heart.

There is a force in the beguiling hands of the Infant King reaching out toward mankind. All Christian ages have known it. A deeper love and devotion to the Child must surely lead to a more sympathetic understanding of mankind. In this age of destruction and hatred, a revived interest in the crib and all it means to man may be a last hope. Indeed, we may well echo the words of the prophets: "And a little child shall lead them!"



Christian art presents many striking portrayals of the Christmas scene

December, 1948





by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

### Holyday Rather than Holiday

*Is it contrary to the Christian spirit of Christmastide to go in for Christmas trees, carols, and other such things of a nonreligious sort?—D. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.*

We should remember that Christmas is a holyday as well as a holiday. In fact, it is a holyday originally and predominantly. The holiday ornaments and carols customary in this country and in many others are not out of order, provided they do not add up to a top-heavy stress upon Christmas as a mere holiday. As for the use of evergreens, we are accustomed to decorate our churches with festoons of laurel, to bank altars and cribs with icicled trees. To do so is not inappropriate, for it suggests the wintry surroundings which we associate with the birth of the Divine Infant.

The focal points of interest during the Christmas season should be the crib, and the tabernacle wherein the Christ Child perpetuates His Presence. What is contrary to the genuine spirit of the season is an exclusive or dominant emphasis upon things typical of a mere holiday. "Jingle Bells" and the like are timely, but should not have a priority of radio time in preference to "Adeste Fidelis" and "Silent Night." A countrywide boycott, even by the Catholic minority, would bring results if directed against the greeting cards that feature meaningless snow-bound homesteads, candles, and even dogs. At times our people feel embarrassed into the purchase of holiday cards because religious cards so travesty the sacred subjects they portray.

Material gifts given and received on the occasion of Christmas naturally gladden the hearts of all concerned—especially mercantile hearts—but we must be on guard lest we overlook the divine Guest of Honor, who rightfully has definite expectations. In the case of nations and individuals, sacred history can easily repeat itself. "He was in the world made by Him and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not." To the extent that the Infant Saviour of the world is left in the background of Christmas observance, the best significance of the season is spoiled, and superficial pleasure intrudes minds and hearts that could dilate with unearthly joy.

### The "How" of Immaculate Conception

*I don't doubt the Immaculate Conception, nor do I question its becomingness, but I'm at a loss to understand how it worked out. I always thought that all sons and daughters of Adam and Eve share the guilt of original sin, and that all need redemption. Last year, on Dec. 8, it*

*was said during a sermon that Mary was redeemed by her divine Son and in this way enjoyed an immaculate conception. How could this be, since His Mother antedated Him?—E. MCD., BALTIMORE, MD.*

Your question was, in the now remote past, a point of considerable perplexity. All natural descendants of our original parents do need redemption from original sin, though not because they are children of Eve, but inasmuch as they stem from Adam who alone is the responsible head of the human race. He is the root of the kinship we have in common, the basis of the solidarity that unifies the human family.

As a naturally born member of the human race, Mary was no exception to the general rule and did need redemption. The Mother of Christ was an exception to the rule in this wise that, she did not actually incur original sin. The divine reason for this privilege is her unique dignity as the Mother of God Incarnate. There is no contradiction involved in stating that she enjoyed this benefit prior to the advent of her Son, or prior to His redemptive Passion. The time element entails no difficulty, for Mary was graced with this singular exemption by an anticipated application of her Son's redemptive merits—a process that might be called *pre-redemption*.

The following citation is from the infallible proclamation of Pope Pius IX, dated Dec. 8, 1854. "We define that the doctrine which declares that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, by a singular grace and privilege granted to her by Almighty God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of mankind, was preserved from all stain of original sin, is a doctrine revealed by God and therefore must be held firmly and constantly by all faithful Christians." With a consistent congruity, Divine Providence favored Mary also with an exemption from personal sin, with perpetual virginity, and—after the completion of her work on earth—with a bodily assumption to heaven.

### Nuptials in Hotels, Etc.

- 1) *Can a mixed marriage take place in church?—E.A., BALTIMORE, MD.*
- 2) *How explain a rabbi giving the blessing at a wedding at which a Catholic priest officiated?—H. B., RIDGEWOOD, N.J.*
- 3) *Not infrequently, newspapers report weddings that take place in private homes, hotels, and the like, instead of in church. I thought that Catholics had to be married before the altar, except in case of illness.—T. A., UNION, N. J.*

1) To understand the legislation of the Catholic Church in reference to the locale of mixed marriages, one must know the Church's mind on such marriages as a departure from what is ideal and normal. Canon 1060 of the Code of Canon Law expresses the Church's mind officially: The Church forbids most severely and everywhere, marriages between a Catholic and a heretic or schismatic. If there be danger of perversion for the Catholic party and the offspring, such marriage is forbidden even by divine law. Consistently, Canon 1064: Bishops and other pastors, as much as they can, shall deter the faithful from such marriages. It would belabor the obvious to enlarge upon the reasons for this official conservatism. As individuals, as husband and wife, as father and mother, the partners of a mixed marriage do not see eye to eye on important matters of faith, morals, education, etc. If each of the two insists upon his or her viewpoint—and the Catholic party is bound to insist—the most likely outcome is a psychological tug of war, with the children as well as the parents in opposite camps. By contrast, indifference may set in and, as so often happens, give rise to generations of renegade Catholics.

Pertinent to the foundations of successful marriage are the words of Pope Pius XI. Referring to the religious



character of marriage, he reminds us that, "they who rashly and heedlessly contract mixed marriages, from which the maternal love and providence of the Church dissuades her children for very sound reasons, fail conspicuously in this respect. For where there exists diversity of mind, truth, and feeling, the bond of union of mind and heart is wont to be broken or at least weakened. From this comes the danger lest the love of man and wife grow cold, and the peace and happiness of family life, resting as it does on the union of hearts, be destroyed." With this in mind, we can the better understand the Church's legislation as to appropriate places for various types of marriages.

Mixed marriages should not be celebrated in church, but it is left to the prudent judgment of the Ordinary to dispense this law for sufficient reason. However, if a mixed marriage be permitted within the church, the ceremony never includes Mass and the solemn nuptial blessing. In this country, the usual place for the celebration of mixed marriages has been the parish rectory. On this point, diocesan regulations vary somewhat, depending upon local circumstances and upon trends at any given time, but a prudent observance of Canon 1109, forbidding marriage within the church, is the general norm of procedure.

In accounting for variation in diocesan or parochial regulations, many factors must be considered. It is understandable that such regulations should be relatively liberal or conservative. There are belts or zones within which mixed marriages are comparatively prevalent. To apply no sanction whatever as a deterrent would be to encourage the trend; to apply sanction inflexibly might occasion greater evils, such as recourse to merely civil marriage or even secession from the Church. It is a truism that love can be blind. Depending upon character, temperament, quality of faith and other influences, individuals react variously to restraint. To determine the most advisable procedure in every case would tax the wisdom of Solomon!

2) You refer to the Berlin-Burden nuptials. The presence of a Jewish clergyman at the marriage of Mary Ellen Berlin is not surprising, since the bride is, on the paternal side, a descendant of a rabbi. One of the New York tabloids reported that the rabbi gave the blessing; he voiced a blessing. The benediction invoked by Rabbi Lazaron was not official. Rather, it might be compared to the prayerful good wishes of a toastmaster.

3) Catholics should be married in the parish church. To be married in a private house, the permission of the Ordinary of the diocese is required—a permission that should not be sought except in an extraordinary case, for a just and reasonable cause. Why is it that some Catholics, entitled to the benefits of a thoroughly religious wedding, prefer to be wed in a private home, in a hotel, or on a lawn! The ideal setting for a Catholic wedding is the House of God, and membership in the so-called Smart Set is no excuse for a pagan setting.

### Laboratory Offspring

*Please explain the synthetic method of having children. Would a woman be permitted by your Church to have a child in this way, with or without the knowledge of her husband?—M. J. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

From the tenor of your second question, you are not altogether in the dark as to the answer to the first question. Artificial insemination is that method of impregnation by mechanical means, originated and popularized by breeders of live stock, poultry, fish, and the like.

Since dumb creatures are devoid of morality, the so-called synthetic method is not reprehensible within the confines of the stud farm or the hatchery. But in the case of human beings, obligated by the moral laws as well as by the physical laws of nature, the practice is unallowable—except, perhaps,

in one, well-defined set of circumstances. Not even a married woman may permit artificial insemination, in co-operation with one who is not her husband. In such a case, any resulting offspring would be illegitimate—a stigma that should be applied to unwed parents rather than to the unfortunate child.

Only a lawful wife and husband are morally capable of recourse to artificial insemination—assuming that normal methods are not feasible, and *under the proviso* that no immoral means be utilized in the process. Whether there be a means that is both morally permissible and medically efficient is the subject of considerable debate among medico-moral authorities.

As for the husband's attitude—his knowledge and consent cannot legalize something contrary to the laws of nature, at variance with Christian morals, and in conflict with express decisions of the Holy See. Even decent non-Catholics realize this. Within the past year, the Anglican archbishop of Canterbury endorsed the judgment on this matter, of a group of men and women who condemned certain methods in vogue. In particular, they protested that recourse to a donor "involves a breach of marriage, violates the exclusive union between husband and wife, defrauds the child thus begotten, and deceives society at large." For a more lengthy discussion of this topic, consult *THE SIGN*, issue of Sept. 1946.

### Infallibility Foolproof

*Is it possible for a malevolent Pope or Council to deliberately falsify in proclaiming a doctrine as of faith or morals, or by a pseudo canonization?—D. G., WASHINGTON, D. C.*

No matter how malevolent a Pope or Council might be otherwise, it is impossible that he, or they with him, can lead the Church astray, even indeliberately, in cases such as those typified above.

To proclaim a doctrine as a matter of faith or morals, to be accepted as such by the universal Church, is to exercise infallibility. They who are endowed with infallibility are so graced as to share a divine prerogative. Hence, their infallible pronouncements are foolproof. It is the characteristic function of infallibility to preclude error. Alleged instances of the failure of infallibility in practice are so disproven as to be untenable historically, and to the well informed so shopworn as to be tedious.

### Substitute for Catholic Church

*Is a Catholic obliged to go to some other church on a Sunday, in a vicinity where there is no Catholic Church? A friend of mine maintains there is an obligation to go to some church, rather than not to go at all.—N. M. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

The answer is an unqualified No. A Catholic is obliged to attend his own church, if possible; if impossible, he is even more obliged not to attend a non-Catholic church.

Perhaps your friend is under the impression that one church is as good as another! How could that be, when all of them differ on the ABC's of what to believe, what to do, and how to worship? The recent Assembly of the World Council of Churches, representing about 147 denominations, is a pathetic example in point. According to *Time*, they "could not even agree on a definition of the word 'church.'"

By the third commandment of God we are obliged to sanctify the Lord's Day. The first commandment of the Church specifies the "how" of that obligation. For an adequate reason, we are excused from attendance at Sunday Mass. But a Catholic cannot sanctify the Lord's Day by worshiping in a church that is not one, holy, catholic, and apostolic.

### Miscarriage of Justice

*Arrested and convicted of a murder he did not commit, J was sentenced to die. K, the real murderer, had done nothing to implicate J, had nothing to do with his arrest or conviction. In the meantime, K—truly repentant—went to confession and received absolution. The confessor did not compel K to surrender himself to the police. Was K not obliged in justice to clear J?*—L. L., SECAUCUS, N. J.

Granting that K was guilty of unjust homicide and prescinding, for the moment, from the fact that an innocent person was convicted of his crime, K was not obliged to surrender himself to the authorities. In any such case, the onus devolves upon them to find and punish the guilty party.

If, in order to clear J, K would have to implicate himself then he would not be obliged to do so as a matter of justice, and for the following reason. Although his crime did cause the unjust death of his victim, it did not *cause* J's arrest or conviction. That miscarriage of justice is attributable to other causes—perhaps to reprehensible procedure on the part of a prosecuting attorney, or to the faulty judgment of a jury that indicted or convicted J. K's crime did occasion J's predicament, but did not cause it.

For K to acknowledge his guilt might be very commendable, especially under certain circumstances—for example, if J were the father of a very dependent family. But that K is strictly obliged to do so is untenable. His strict obligation is limited to accomplishing whatever he can, with impunity, to bring about J's exoneration.

### Below Par Morally

*Please explain how it is that an unbaptized infant is sinful. He is not mature enough to commit sin personally. Original sin was committed by Adam and Eve, not by us. How can it be that we enter this world as sinners, when it is they who are guilty?*—N. S., BALA CYNWYD, PA.

To answer your question thoroughly, we must dwell upon two points—what original sin consists of in the case of Adam's posterity, and how it is transmitted to us. There is a sharp difference between original sin as it was true of Adam and as it applies to us. In his case, it was an act of pride and disobedience whereby he repudiated his Maker as his Sovereign. As a result of that sinful act, he was, among other consequences, deprived of sanctifying grace. That deprivation left him in a sinful condition, until such time as grace was restored to him.

It should not be difficult to understand that a deprivation of this kind is equivalent to a *sinful* condition. According to the plans of God, and thanks to His munificence, it had become normal that the soul of Adam be blessed with the supernatural endowment called grace, whereby he was elevated from the status of a mere creature, and transformed into a child of God and an heir of heaven. Keeping in mind that this privileged status was Adam's *normal* condition, it follows that when he lost his supernatural standing, his condition became subnormal and he fell below par.

To lack something is not to be subnormal, necessarily. For example, a stone lacks vision, but vision is not natural to a stone. However, it is natural to a man, and hence a blind man suffers not only a lack, but a *privative* lack—a deprivation. His condition is deordinate. Now, although divine grace is something over and above what is called for to verify human nature, and is therefore correspondingly gratuitous, none the less it had become normal to Adam. Consequently, when he lacked it, he suffered a deprivation of the normal, his condition became deordinate—and in this particular case, *deordinate* is a well-chosen synonym for *sinful*. By his sinful act, Adam brought upon himself a sinful condition.

That same deordinate, sinful condition is our lot, as the offspring of a disinherited parent who is no longer in a position to transmit to us, along with human nature, our normal endowment of the supernatural. This endowment he had enjoyed not only for himself as an individual. It was his responsibility, as head of the human family, to preserve it in trust for his posterity. Our solidarity with Adam worked out tragically, to our detriment. But it is equally true that our solidarity with Jesus Christ, the Second Adam, redounds to our advantage. By means of His baptism, sanctifying grace is restored to us, our moral condition becomes normal, and is no longer deordinate or sinful.

### Third Orders

*Please tell me something about Third Orders—their purpose, requirements, etc.*—M. D., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.; J. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; E. H., CEDAR GROVE, N. J.

Third Orders are sodalities affiliated with various religious Orders, the members of which are known as Tertiaries or Oblates. Membership is open to laymen and laywomen who wish to live, on a modified scale, the religious life of the respective Orders of priests and nuns. A member of a Third Order follows a Rule of Life based upon the original Holy Rule of the saintly Founder, attends regular meetings, shares while living and after death in many spiritual benefits of the parent Order, and usually has the privilege of burial in the holy habit. For some tertiaries, daily recitation of a short form of the Divine Office is a feature of the Rule. The best way to obtain full information as to a Third Order is to communicate with the Superior of a monastery or convent, whose community maintains a Third Order. Among the most prominent Tertiaries in this country are those affiliated with the Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, Capuchins, and Benedictines.

### Marriage Between Catholic and Jew

*Is it possible for a Catholic and a Jew to be married by a Catholic priest?*—A. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Since a Jewish person is unbaptized, there is an impediment in the way of a valid marriage between a Catholic and a Jew. The impediment is called disparity of worship. However, for a serious reason, the impediment can be removed through a dispensation granted by the Church. Then the couple can be married validly by the priest. Such a matter should be referred to one's pastor.

### Catholic Marriage to Divorcee

*If a Catholic marries a divorced woman who is non-Catholic, is he entitled to the nuptial blessing of the Church? Can the children of such a marriage be baptized and brought up as Catholics?*—A. H., NEWARK, N. J.

The nuptial blessing can be either solemn or simple. The solemn blessing is given only at a nuptial Mass, to which the contracting parties are entitled solely when both are Catholics. In the case of a mixed marriage, only a simple blessing may be imparted.

The feasibility of marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic divorcee would depend upon the previous marital status of the divorcee. If her former marriage were ruled invalid by the Church, then—other things being equal—the Catholic party would be free to marry her.

The children of a mixed marriage not only may, but must be brought up as Catholics. Unless the non-Catholic party, whether Christian or non-Christian, makes a solemn promise to this effect, the Church will not and cannot grant a dispensation for such a marriage.

# Australia - - Land of Promise?

**What happens when the Australian bride takes her Yank back home to live? Here is a frank appraisal of life "Down Under"**

by EDWARDS PARK

THERE is still one gray troopship plowing the Pacific like a wistful ghost between San Francisco and Sydney. She is the Matson Line's "Marine Phoenix," and on every southern voyage her wartime accommodations are crowded with passengers. There are Australian businessmen, American investors, sporting stars, actors, and disillusioned war brides. And there is always a group of young American veterans with their wives and children, migrating to Australia in the first noticeable exodus from the New World in history. Under Australia's plan for assisting migration, half the passage money of these Americans is paid by the Australian Government. In their ears ring the sweeping assurances of Australia's Minister for Immigration. In the memories of most are golden pictures of Sydney and Mel-

bourne when they were wide-open, hell-busting leave towns. In their eyes glows the light of pioneers—to an even newer world.

The motives which cause these young men and their families to pack their bags and haunt the shipping offices are usually cut and dried. In many cases the gentle pressure of the wife is responsible for the great trek. A large number of the Yanks who have come out here are "war grooms." Their Australian wives, raised in the intimate and ironbound family ties which are so typical in a young country, have been inordinately homesick in America.

If the husband attempts to resist the pressure of his Australian wife to go and live "back home," he finds his arguments crippled by his own economic condition. Throughout the war he was

subjected to some highly appealing propaganda about the glories of postwar America. In every dog-eared magazine he so eagerly thumbed through in the New Guinea mud, there were pages of advertisements depicting the car, the helicopter, the push-button kitchen, the snug cottage, and the breath-taking opportunities which would be waiting for him on VJ-Day.

Now the future is all unwrapped and spread out for view, and it's not up to sample. The ex-GI can forgive it for not including the new car, helicopter, and kitchen. But the lack of a house and of opportunities which will help him make up for lost time fill him with disgust and discouragement. He feels that he's many laps behind in the race, and he wants to jump across the track to catch up. When his wife talks about Australia, and he remembers the youth and freshness of it, he feels that maybe that is the direction in which to jump.

He visits an Australian Consulate and is greeted with affection. Everything is made easy for him. Newsreel cameras purr at him as he leads his wife up the gangplank. He discovers that he is making history—just like the peo-



*Australian Minister of Immigration, A. Caldwell, greets the first group of American Vets*





*This ex-GI is enjoying a spot of tea outdoors. He left a ranch in Montana to settle in Australia*



*A former railroad worker from Columbia, Pa. says that life is good Down Under. He runs a candy store*

ple who drove their covered wagons along the Overland Trail. As the Golden Gate Bridge slips over his head, he figures that he's a cinch for success.

After eighteen days or so, our hero and his excited wife watch the red roofs gliding past on the shores of Sydney's beautiful harbor. They are met by blinking cameras and flattering reporters. Even the tortuous proceedings of Australia's undermanned Customs Department are speeded up for them. It seems too good to last. It is.

Curiously enough, it is the wife whom doubt and disillusion visit first. The homeland has become a symbol to her of everything good and right. Now she notices some obvious disadvantages which she conveniently forgot eleven thousand miles away. For example, the accumulation of dirty clothes, earthy evidence of a romantic voyage, must be washed. There is no laundry to take them all and do them for a reasonable price and without stripping them of buttons and opening their seams. Washing machines are practically unknown. The wife is reminded that here in her homeland washing is done in a "copper"—a huge tub where water, soap, and clothes are boiled into a sort of gruel. The fire under the copper is lighted with newspaper and kerosene and fed by chips of wood. In some more fortunate houses there is a gas jet. The Australian housewife is expected to stand over this bubbling cauldron, prodding it tentatively with a stick, until the color of the stew suggests to her that the dirt has become dislodged from the clothes. Then she rinses them in another tub, wrings them out, hangs them up, and starts in on a second copperful. The whole operation of "doing" an average wash takes a complete morning of unrelenting work.

A girl who has been living in America for three or four years is likely to look upon the Australian method of washing with dismay. She feels her hands and her temper growing red and raw. When she looks about her, she notices that every Australian housewife has reddened hands and an invariable aspect of controlled irritability.

When it comes time to do her shopping, the wife of the migrant finds no handy car to hop in and drive to the market. The cheapest car on the Australian road costs about fourteen hundred dollars—an astronomical figure for the Australian wage scale. She goes by tram, and the return trip, with two or three bulging stringbags over one arm and very likely an exuberant youngster under the other, is a test of endurance.

**C**OOKING provides another blow to any America-spoiled woman. The can opener is no longer a faithful friend. "Tinned" food has earned a suspicious reputation in Australia and is generally avoided. The fresh, green vegetables and hearty roasts of meat make delicious eating, but their preparation takes a lot of time and work. The wife finds that every minute of her day which is not devoted to washing, shopping, and cleaning is spent over the proverbial "hot stove."

So the wife becomes soured on her own country first. The American husband, enthusiastic and friendly and full of ideas, enjoys himself thoroughly for the first month. He is enchanted by the casual pace of life. He notes with approval that every clock in the railway station tells a different time and that no one cares. He loves the climate—the balmy days with brilliant sunshine and dry heat in the summer. His wife frets about it because the ice melts too

fast in the icebox (refrigerators are rarer than diamonds), but he likes it. In the winter he soon becomes acclimated to the lack of steam heat and turns into a fresh-air fiend. His wife, overworked and eternally worried, misses the familiar radiators in every room and promptly catches cold.

The Yank finds friends easily and quickly. He discovers that Australians are generous and cordial and that they want to like him. He spends many happy hours with them in the "pubs," where the greater amount of business connections are welded, and smacks his lips over the best beer in the world. His wife remembers that back in the U. S. A. her husband did most of his drinking at home. She feels neglected, and she learns from her female intimates that they feel neglected too.

The glorious luxury of unlimited good food overwhelms the young American. For fifty cents he can have a quick lunch consisting of a thick, rare steak, covered by two fried eggs and trimmed with fried potatoes and fresh tomatoes. His wife, meanwhile, finds meat and butter and eggs nearly as hard to eke out of her husband's salary as they were back in the States.

And that is where, as the Aussies say, "the rot sets in." Prices seem inordinately low, Down Under, until the first paychecks roll in. Then the brutal fact is demonstrated that wages are inordinately low also. American migrants are not handled with kid gloves once they start out in business. They are treated as beginners, just like anyone else, and if our Yank can make as much as twenty-six dollars a week he is earning well above the average wage. Out of that he will pay one of the largest income taxes in the world, and the result is not easy to live on unless he is willing to





The young man above left here to live in Melbourne, and to study the piano with Jascha Spivakowsky



All do not fare as well as this Stamford, Conn. chap. His catering business is going very well in Melbourne

live like a laborer on the basic wage. For some reason, few Americans are willing to be classed as laborers. After three months he may reach thirty-three dollars a week, with a larger slice going into the pockets of the government. It appears extremely difficult for an American to save anything unless his wage is close to forty-five dollars a week. I specify "American," because his entire upbringing has taught him to regard certain comforts as essential.

His fine plans for a house of his own and a job with no lid on it are best forgotten in Australia. The housing shortage is more acute than in the States, and the amount of building in progress is negligible. If he could persuade his wife to live in the country, he might find housing easier, but she being an Australian has always regarded the country as next door to hell. Considering the absence of even primeval amenities in most country shacks, she is not far wrong.

Housing is short because of the scarcity of two things: labor and materials. Materials, incidentally, are scarce because of restrictions on imports and the shortage of labor. Imports are restricted to save dollars and give home production a chance to develop. Home production is not developing because of the shortage of labor. So the migrant who came to this country to help build up the population and increase the pool of labor cannot get a house.

**N**OW, about this job. Australia's wealth lies in her "Primary Produce": wheat, wool, and to a lesser extent, cattle, dairy products, sugar cane, and other grain crops. All her manufacturing industries developed originally as satellites to agriculture and are still secondary to it in importance. Many

migrants coming out here have decided to go on the land and have a hand in the source of things. And right away they have been disillusioned.

The great areas of producing land were purchased a hundred years ago by the so-called "Squatters"—adventurous Englishmen of county-family connections and some little wealth. They settled in the wild interior, raised their sheep, and amassed some of the most spectacular fortunes in history. Today the wealth of the country still comes from these huge properties, although in many cases the ownership of them has gone into the hands of powerful land monopolies. The newcomer can get land, if he wants it. But he and his descendants will have to work it for about three generations before its results will be stable enough to withstand the inhuman droughts in most of the farming country. And the most the small farmer can hope for is to be bought up by a greater property.

If our American has ideas about starting his own business, he is going to feel the effects of the great Australian bugaboo—the labor shortage. Once he overcomes that, he will come up against the power of the trade unions, and find that, loyal as his employees are to him, and eager as they may be to work hard and get his business on its feet, they are not allowed to put in long hours. If after working himself twenty hours a day, he makes that original wage of twenty-six dollars a week, he's lucky.

The point that seems to have eluded most of the American migrants to Australia is that although Australia has only reached a stage of development sixty or so years behind America, it does not follow that it is a pioneering country where fortunes can be made overnight and where new industries

can boom to the top in a few weeks. Australia's tiny population is anachronistic. But the well-defined channels in which that population does its work are right up to date. This is no place for an American to become a money baron. Strange as it seems, this is no place for an American to make a living trying something new and daring.

**F**OR workers—skilled, semiskilled, or unskilled—Australia will be a paradise. They will work short hours, eat good food, have many holidays, and be sheltered in their old age and in sickness. They will even have a few opportunities to rise from the ranks, although most of them know a good thing when they see it, and prefer to stay on the gray train.

To certain experts the Australian authorities will open their arms—especially if they bring plenty of dollars with them. But the average ex-GI should think twice before he boards the "Marine Phoenix." If he's got ideas about getting rich quick, he'd better forget them. Crime seems to be the only profession which offers that reward, and they tell us it doesn't pay.

Don't call me bitter. I've been here two years, and I love this country second only to my own. I have faith in its potentialities and gratitude for the friendship it has shown me. But I am tired of seeing these shiploads of my countrymen arriving here with grandiose schemes and incoherent confidence. I am tired of seeing them, after a few weeks, disappointed and bewildered.

**EDWARDS PARK**, a Bostonian, Yale '39, did two tours of duty as a fighter pilot in the Southwest Pacific, married a Melbourne girl, and now lives in Australia.

# Grandpa Casey



*"Always the smart dresser," he remarked complacently. "Fool the public, that's me"*

**D**ID someone ask for Grandpa Casey? Yes indeed, he's still with us, in the best of health, and thank you kindly. His hair's a bit whiter; otherwise—realist that I am, I must tell the truth—he's but little changed. A wayward senior and unpredictable, full of small sins as a fig with seeds. In Hollywood again and in trouble. This time it's the police. A prowler car after him on Dorado Drive. A distressing affair that could only have happened to Thomas John Casey.

It all began on the first of December. In his bathrobe and unshaven, Grandpa hurried his breakfast to be out on

the porch for his pension check when the postman brought it on the first delivery. He took it straight to his room; then the rest of the mail he brought to the kitchen, to Kathleen at her ironing board.

Kathleen was his granddaughter, and the wife of one Joe Polaski, an ex-marine captain with a gas station now out Glendale way. A fine lad this Joe, devoted to Kathleen and the little ones, but worried these days and overworked, struggling to pay for his small business. Kathleen helped as she could, cutting down Tommie's playsuits for the baby,

making the Sunday roast last through Thursday. Yet the two would get cross when Grandpa talked of paying board. 'Twas that kind of family.

Now in the ten-by-twelve kitchen bright with the morning and flowered curtains, pleasantly odorous of coffee and baby and Grandpa's pipe, Kathleen looked up from her ironing. Her pretty face unpowdered and brown curls disheveled, she had that slightly harried and bothered look that young mothers wear, modestly veiling their shining importance. With a quick smile she asked Grandpa, "Did your check come, dear?"

THE SIGN

He's proud, and a bit prejudiced, but he's always ready to be a

friend in need. And if there's trouble, he's ready for that too

by BRASSIL FITZGERALD

# returns



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Grandpa answered that vaguely; 'twas his way, a kind of reticence he had about finances. "Postcard from your Aunt Ethel," he said, and without enthusiasm, "She'll be here for Christmas—bag and baggage. Look at the time and me unshaved!" That was all. He was gone.

At her ironing again Kathleen could hear him; water running in the bathroom, a cracked voice lifted in morning song, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen! Let nothing you dismay—" then the slap-slop of his razor stropping. He's up to something, Kathleen thought.

Grandpa was preparing for his day;

like a knight of old on the morning of battle, at once with haste and exceeding care, putting on his armor. A fresh white shirt and maroon silk tie, his one good suit. Then into his pocket went the day's ammunition; his wallet with the check and three long-saved tens, his railroad watch, from last Sunday's paper a department store ad, one cellophaned cigar. In his left vest pocket he put his rosary, in the pocket below it one package of sen-sens.

Ready to go, nicely adjusting a white silk handkerchief to show just enough in his breast pocket, Grandpa studied himself for a long moment in the mirror, then spoke to the picture there on the dresser top, an Irish face in a silver frame, his wife Nora dead these many years. Alone in his room he had a habit of speaking to her, as if she could hear him, and who will say she did not? "Always the smart dresser," he remarked now complacently. "Fool the public, that's me." And he added softly, "Say a prayer for me now that I do the right thing."

With gentle fingers and slow, Grandpa closed after him his bedroom door; then made his way, not stealthily at all but very quietly, through the living room and out the front door. By pure accident, perhaps, Kathleen was ahead of him there on the porch, unscientifically rocking her infant. She spoke softly above the small head. "Home to lunch, Gramp?"

"I don't know if I can make it," he whispered, and vaguely, "business."

Kathleen's young eyes loved him and warned him, but gently. "Well, be careful," she said. "Don't get overtired. You really need a new suit," she said, "with Christmas coming and Aunt Ethel." That is what she said, but what she meant was, don't waste your pension check this month again. Never mind the horses, and stay out of those places, you know what happens.

Grandpa knew what she meant and it made him cross. "How did I ever get along," he asked with dignified irony, "before you grew up to advise me?"

Wisely Kathleen did not answer that; settling the baby now for her nap in the battered old wicker carriage that had served little Tom, and before him his Polaski cousins. The infant woke and set up a thin protesting wail.

Grandpa's voice changed. "God love her," he said, "my little darlin'. She hates that antique vehicle. 'Tis the Casey in her," he added, and outrageously, for no reason at all giving Kathleen's in-laws a passing dig, "to me that thing has a Polish look."

"Grandpa!" Her eyes bright with vexation, Kathleen might have said more, but she didn't have time.

"Good day to you now," he said hastily; then lifting his hat as if to a stranger, "I'll be home when you see me," he told her blandly. And away down the walk, dapper and straight in his old blue serge, in home-polished black shoes stepping briskly to trouble.

FIVE blocks to the boulevard, clean-swept and quick-stirring with the morning, shopping housewives, and tourists with cameras. From a cut rate drugstore music blared and Grandpa marched to its tune; past the Chinese theater, past a supermarket's patterned piles of colors, past with unfaltering stride Ye Olde Grill and men's bar.

Trailed by autograph seekers a notorious profile sauntered by Grandpa, a male lovely, brown and bare in shorts and sandals, airing on a leash two barbered and marcelled white wolfhounds. Beautiful beasts, thought Grandpa, all three of 'em. And said to himself with lamentable narrowness, thank God for Bing and Pat O'Brien. Which thought brought him to the department store. He stopped there on the sidewalk, oblivious now to passersby, held by the window display of the men's shop. A wax dummy in the window received his thoughtful attention; the one with dark glasses and a gray nylon moustache, proudly tailored in heather-green tweeds. In one elegant pink hand the dummy held a smart stick, in the other a placard announcing to Grandpa, "For men of mature distinction." Mature distinction! Himself to a T.

Grandpa looked long and longingly, frowning in silent debate. Just what he needed, that heather-green suit. Elegant for Christmas morning, himself at the ten o'clock and observed by all, down the center aisle with the poor box. And for week days no less. Wearing such tweeds, a retired gentleman with time to spend and little else, could stroll into the Hollywood-Beverly and sit a while in the lobby with no unease. A



visiting banker, the bellboys would think, or maybe an author, like what was his name—the *Heart of the Matter*? And the heart of it was, in Grandpa's opinion; an Englishman converted was an Englishman still, like original sin an indelible stain. But be that as it may, the green tweed was dark enough too for a wake or a funeral, not to speak of his own. No nor think of it either. He brushed that thought away as one would a fly, and marched into the store and upstairs on the escalator.

For one half hour the street knew him not, then he reappeared; a smiling doorman held the door wide to permit his exit, himself and his purchase. No heather tweeds, no mature distinction. No—but a baby carriage, maroon red; an elegant thing of streamlines and a real leather hood drawn back to display a lace pillow and ermine robe of imported rabbit. A chariot, you'd say, a vehicle fit for infant royalty. An impoverished man pushed it. He had but three dollars left, and that not for long.

At a small store on the corner of Dorado Drive, he delayed for a moment and four cans of light ale. Truth to tell, he also purchased a modicum merely, a half pint of heart stimulant, bottled in bond. This for no self-indulgence, mind you, but to be saved for emergencies only, and no one the wiser, tucked away safe under the neckties in his dresser drawer. His supplies in the carriage and pillowed soft, he lit his cigar and wheeled for home.

AND in the morning sunshine, with his hat on the back of his head, and his ten-cent cigar drawing freely, Thomas Casey had a look of righteousness on him, a benign and self-approving calm, as he thought ahead to his Kathleen's face and she seeing this carriage come into the yard. He could hear her now in anticipation, "Oh, Grandpa darling, you shouldn't! Oh, isn't it beautiful! But the cost of it, darling, how could you?"

"Not at all," he would tell her, "Christmas comes but once a year." But he'd tell her too, "Smell that top; it's real leather." And he'd show her the sales slip. Ninety dollars, marked paid, so she wouldn't be thinking, Oh dear, more installments.

Overpowered she'd be. And should be! They'd be a long time waiting for Joe's folks. Polaskis, indeed, with their hand-me-down gifts! They meant well. Decent folk and ambitious; he'd be the first to admit that. Good Catholics too, though not Irish, of course. Sure the word itself, it meant universal. And Mother Church loved all her children, though like any mother in her secret heart, she would have her favorites—and

"Come on now, come on. You can't sit there. Get up on your feet, lad, and go home"



lean over backward never to reveal it. Which is doubtless the reason, thought Grandpa, why she never chooses an Irish pope. Thus philosophizing and with modest enjoyment of his own broadmindedness, Grandpa turned up Dorado Drive, a plush and prosperous residential street that curved uphill, then sharply down to the car tracks and the bungalow court that was home.

In front of the awninged mansion he was passing stood a foreign car, very small and deluxe and chromium-shining. Grandpa gave it an approving nod. That one's streamlined too, he thought, and wheeled along his own vehicle, envying no one.

'Twas a beautiful morning with the lawns and hedges rain-washed and glistening, with geraniums flaming and golden poppies. Over the palms and green-bowered red roofs lifted a sky as pristine blue as Our Lady's robe. Wheeling happily along, Grandpa breathed deep of the day. The bright sunshine was on him and in him, and his heart gave thanks. The Lord was his Shepherd. Green pastures, he thought, my cup runneth over, and quickened his steps to get along home before the chill would be gone from his cradled cans.

What's around the next corner? Pot of gold or time bomb? One never knows, nor did Grandpa, rounding a high, thick hedge where the sidewalk ran sharply up the hill. It happened. Fate struck. With no warning, from

nowhere, rounding the hedge a man barged into him. Smack into the carriage. It sagged under the fellow's sprawling; then, before Grandpa could cry out, the awkward fellow was up and off it.

All Grandpa's attention went first to the carriage, inspecting it to see was it scratched, trying the wheels to be sure they weren't sprung. They were not. No harm had been done except to Grandpa's nervous system. Glaring now and indignant, he rebuked the fellow, the big omadhaun. "Look where you're going, you clumsy oaf!"

The big fellow stared back like a man in a trance; a young man in a sad disarray and condition; from the look of him and his clothes, bagging pants and sloppy heel-less slippers, he might have been sleeping under the hedge. "Go home!" snapped Grandpa. "Get off the street."

The fellow spoke strangely in a low voice and blurred. "Hold thy peace, knave." He swayed like a mast in a faint wind. "Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

This town is full of 'em, Grandpa thought, and edging past with his carriage, said merely and mildly, "I'm too old for your nonsense."

BEHIND his back the mellifluous voice said outrageously, "For yourself, sir, shall grow as old as I—if like a crab you could go backward."

Enough was enough. With trembling foot Grandpa found the carriage brake pedal and jammed it down to hold the wheels against the upslope; then he turned to face this insulting. Yes, and return it full measure. Castigate the

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rogue with eloquent invective. He began easily, warming up as it were. "Young man, whatever college you come from—go back and tell them try again." That was all. Grandpa fell silent. For his enemy was down and unheeding, sitting loose on the curb, his head in his arms.

Grandpa stood a moment watching, reading the signs, the shaking shoulders, and silently gave his diagnosis. The dry heaves, he thought, and serve him right.

Well, that was that. It was nothing to Grandpa, none of his business. The poor devil! "St. Christopher, help him," Grandpa muttered, "steer him home safe."

NOW an odd thing happened to Thomas Casey, a strange, overpowering impression. Explain it as you will, self-hypnotism, imagination, from his deep subconscious, his own id speaking? And when you have done, what have you said? Words. And the words are but children's boats floating on seas unfathomed, paper matches lit to dispel the dark beyond stars.

The thing of it was, it seemed to Grandpa that St. Christopher spoke to him. In Grandpa's own words when he spoke of it later, "He answered me back and I heard him distinct. Like? Well now I can't tell you—like an archbishop's whisper, very low but you'd hear it. Steer him home safe, I'd prayed to St. Christopher. I heard him then. 'And are you helpless, Thomas? Give the man a hand. Barring prayer, it might be you.'"

Grandpa did so; walked back to the fellow and putting a gentle hand on the slumped shoulder, "Come on now, come on. You can't sit there. Get up on your feet, lad, and go along home." And now that fine voice was a whisper of misery, "Sick. I'm sick."

Grandpa knew, and knew too an old cure. "Wait now," he said hastily, and returning to the carriage, fished from under the rabbit fur his small flask of heart stimulant, his two weeks supply.

He was engaged with it, intent with his thumb nail working free the stopper, when a lady joined him, stared hard at the carriage with its red top down, then at Grandpa and his bottle. The first thing he knew was her voice in his ear, outraged virtue with Iowa accent. "You wicked old man. Scandalous! And that poor little darling there in his carriage, the dear little unfortunate."

Intent on his task Grandpa gave her scant heed, half hearing, catching distinctly only that last "unfortunate," and thinking of no baby, but the man on the curb, he answered impatiently, "Tis medicine, ma'am. Nothing like it to keep him quiet."

Behind him outraged virtue gasped. This would be told at church suppers back home; yes and long before that. When Grandpa looked up she was half down the block and traveling fast, indignation in the flap of her shopping bag.

Grandpa shrugged and forgot her, administering now to his patient. "Here lad. Just a little. Easy now and let it settle. Sit quiet now till your strength comes back." And indeed the patient was looking better, the spasms of shaking were gone. After some moments he whispered, "The quality of mercy is not strained—"

"Bottled in bond," agreed Grandpa. "But that's enough for now. Too much is worse than none at all. See now can you get on your feet and I'll just—"

And then he heard it, and paled hearing. Faint and far off a police siren, on the boulevard still but headed this way. In a split second Grandpa knew. That female. She'd called the police.

Stopping his medicine, Grandpa thought fast. On your way, Thomas Casey, while the going is good. Yet he did not retreat, for deep within him an old enmity was stirring, and an ancient defiance. Caseys at rest in a faraway land would have stirred in their graves had he slunk from the scene, leaving a comrade, indisposed. Surrender him now to informers and peelers? Not Thomas Casey.

"Up lad," he jerked. "Quick now, we'll fool 'em." And the strength and the urgency of him flowed into his patient. Obediently the lad got to his feet, and Grandpa guiding, crossed to the waiting baby carriage. Hastily Grandpa tucked the small bottle in the man's pocket, then put the lad's shaky hands on the carriage push bar. "Away with you now. The carriage will steady you. Go on around out of sight. I'll delay them here till you're sate away."

Glory be, he made it. Holding the carriage bar kept him up, and he swayed around the corner out of sight behind the hedge.

Swiftly Grandpa went back and sat himself on the curb; an unhappy decoy, his heart in his throat and beating fast. His fingers groping found his beads. He did not take them out of his pocket, just felt them for strength, looking down at the concrete street where between his feet one huge ant crawled. He heard the siren again, nearer now, turning up the street. He closed his eyes and waited. "Holy Michael," he murmured, "defend us in the battle."

Grandpa opened his eyes to six feet of uniformed smartness, to a young face, Nordic and arrogant, saying now contemptuously, "Before noon and drunk already."

Shaking his head Grandpa said gently, "Too bad. But don't say a word and no one will know."

The officer's tan grew pink. "So! Wise guy! For two cents I'd—" Then as he studied Grandpa, the frailness of him and the white hair, his fierceness lessened. "Come on, Pop, we'll take a ride."

Grandpa stood unhurriedly; with his hands behind him he brushed off his seat. "That's kind of you now," he said graciously. "But thank you, no. I'd rather walk."

Studying Grandpa, the tranquil face of him and the firm stand, the officer's eyes grew puzzled. He pushed back his cap and scratched his brown crew cut, and a note of uncertainty crept into his voice. "You got a bottle?"

"No," said Grandpa, "but it's just as well. Stick it out, lad," he added gently, "till you get off duty."

NOW the officer was getting disturbed, his eyes a bit wild. "Not me!" he snapped. "I don't mean—dammit!—le-me smell your breath."

Obediently Grandpa exhaled in the red young face a long and deep breath, sweet as a May morning, faintly redolent of a ten cent cigar, and of nothing else. The officer stood scowling, his hands on his belt. "Then what gives?"

#### Quiet, Please!

► He had imbibed too freely and collapsed in the street. The neighbors gathered around, all trying to help and making suggestions.

One, Maggie Riley, kept shouting: "Give the poor man some whiskey," but little attention was paid to her amidst the excited babble.

Then the prostrate one struggled to a sitting position and his voice rose above the din: "Will the lot of ye hold your tongues," he shouted, "and let Maggie Riley speak?"



—The Record

he asked. "What the heck's the idea, sitting there on the curb?"

"Tis safer than the street," said Grandpa. "I felt a faintness and sat down here a moment meaning no offense. Back home," he ended, "the police wouldn't mind."

The officer was weakening, but he tried again. "Let's go," he growled. "You can tell the sergeant."

It was time to attack and Grandpa perceived it. "I can do that," he said with dignity, "and after him, the police reporters. 'Twill make nice human interest for the morning *Times*. I can see the heading, 'Great-grandfather subdued by fearless young officer. Aged veteran admits to sitting on curb.' With your picture and mine. Don't handcuff me, please. I'll go peaceful."

The officer groaned. "This would happen to me. Look, old timer. Down on the boulevard—a dame—I'm telling you, mister, she gave me the darndest song and dance."

"And you on duty?" Grandpa said sternly. "Stay out of them places and you wouldn't get started."

And now the officer was growing excited. "Yackety-yack-yack!" he shouted suddenly. "For cripes sake, listen—a drunk and a baby carriage—this dame tells me. On Dorado, she says, with a bottle."

"A baby with a bottle?" Grandpa asked. "Is that against the law too?"

"Look," said the officer, "skip it. I can't take no more. Go along, will you?"

"You seem a little confused," said Grandpa, "'twas you keeping me. I'll go and gladly. But let this be a lesson to you, young man. In this town you can't believe no one. Crazy people!"

"You can say that again," groaned the officer. "And much more of this and I'll be one of them. Well," and at last he smiled, a wide friendly grin: "the name's Swenson," he said, "Precinct 1. You get a ticket, just give me a ring."

"Thank you kindly," said Grandpa graciously. "Thomas J. Casey, and the season's greetings."

Thus the two parted; like UN diplomats out from a meeting, with honeyed words and gracious smiles, masking a strain and a cautious eagerness to be away from each other.

GRANDPA stood on the curb and watched the law go, make a hasty U turn and speed away. "The police!" he said and after a moment smugly, "putty in my hands. The F.B.I. now," he conceded fairly, "they'd be more of a match for me." The Falcon, he thought, the Fat Man, Sam Spade, Tom Casey. There'd be a fortune in me with a radio program.

In his elation then and his pride, he did not forget to give thanks, but briefly,



### Biased

► **Melvin caught a little brown mouse one day and wanted to take it with him to the very progressive school he attended. When his mother remonstrated, he argued that there were lots of mice at the school.**

"Yes," his mother agreed, "—but they're white mice."

Melvin gave her a look of haughty contempt.

"Oh, I see," he said in disgust. "Race prejudice!"

—John O'Neill

and alas not humbly. A good man, and he knew it. "You and me," he told St. Christopher, "piety yes—but you need the guile too. And so between us we saved him. But where now?" A very odd look came to Grandpa's face. Where the blazes is he? And my carriage?

Around the curve of the high hedge Grandpa stopped short, staring hard at nothing; blank house fronts, an empty street, a stretch of sidewalk where nothing moved. The hunted fox had found cover. The bird had flown. And away with him Grandpa's Christmas shopping, his one beautiful gift. Grandpa gave a low whistle, then called. "Hey! Where are you? Slippery Dick!" No answer. The silence around him was itself an answer.

Grandpa at first was not frightened, just puzzled, peering over the hedge at an uncut lawn and a vine-draped cottage. He hurried on then and stood on a corner looking down a side street. Nothing there, no one stirred. And now he was frightened.

Like a torpedoed ship his heart settled slowly in cold waters and dark. This could not be, was not happening to him. Yet it was, and slowly he realized it, the taste of disaster. He felt stripped in defeat. No suit, no mature distinction. All his money gone and worse, far worse, all his pride. For how could he ever tell it, explain to Kathleen that he'd given the baby's beautiful new carriage to a tipsy stranger—telling the man, urging him even, to walk away with it. And that limb of Satan! That's just what he'd done. No. 'Twas not a thing to explain to any feminine

mind. For Kathleen's baby that hand-me-down carriage, that wicker basket on wheels; for himself now the wagon, and empty hands on Christmas morning, watching Ethel distribute fine gifts.

Grandpa felt sick, yes and angry too. That's what you got for your prayers and your pains! And St. Christopher too with his whispering and leading you on. Like Job, he protested, worse still he was impudent. "Keep your help next time," silently he told St. Christopher. And he added morosely, "And then you'll be wondering why there's Protestants." Yet Grandpa leaped back from despair; one saint had failed him, and so what, there were others. Dear good St. Anthony, he was the one for a lost object.

There you are. Remarkable! Instantaneous service it seemed to Grandpa, for now at the street's end under the windows of an apartment house, he saw a carriage. He almost ran, and as he paced nearer his heart sang, for the carriage was new and shiny red, its leather hood down as he left it.

He had his fist tight on it, in another second he'd be wheeling it off, when a small dreadful sound came from under the hood. Grandpa backed as from a rattlesnake's rattle—hearing an infant's uneasy whine. Oh my! Kidnapper, they'd think him. "Hush," he crooned, "hush. Bye low baby bunting—Oh dang it, shut up." Turning, he fled.

SAFE around the corner, he stopped for breath. I'm old for this, thinking, I can't take no more. Yet he did. For a long hot hour he went up and down both sides of the boulevard, without much hope, hunting. He tried a second-hand furniture store and two pawn shops; he peered into a half dozen drinking places. To no avail, for the miscreant had vanished.

Hope died slowly, and as so often in mortal illness, the patient rallied sharply just before the end. Looking down Vine Street past the Brown Derby, Grandpa glimpsed a red carriage pushed by a buxom young matron in playsuit and sun goggles.

This time, like the burnt child that dreads the fire, Grandpa proceeded with great caution and circumspection. For several blocks he trailed the playsuit; gradually and stealthily creeping up on it to identify the carriage. It did look very like his, but now he had to come up alongside to see if it held a rabbit fur robe. It was then that the buxom matron stopped, flounced around with glaring goggles. "Get away, you old wolf!" A dreadful voice, loud and shrill. "You let me alone or I'll call a cop." Oh my! Grandpa stayed not to argue. Obediently and hastily he went away

(Continued on page 75)

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Feast of Children

VERY CLOSE to the feast of Christmas, which celebrates the birth of the Child and so is representative of children everywhere, there is another feast—that of the Holy Innocents. It too deals with children and in a way is also representative of childhood. But between the two feasts there is a wide space—the distance between life and death.

Both are not accidental feasts either. The one marks the intention of God to send to the world—the sad, stupid, pathetic, stumbling world—a Saviour. The second marks the intent of men to kill children, because the Child might have been one of them.

When the late Monsignor McMahon was rector of the church of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York City, he carried out a lovely ceremony on Twelfth Day. On Christmas Eve the chapel of Saint Joseph became a great crib filled with life sized figures of the Holy Family, the shepherds, the angels. On the evening of Twelfth Night one by one these were replaced with living figures, all children of the parish. Mary took the place of the carved replica and Joseph came to stand beside her. Shepherds and angels moved slowly up the church aisle and took their places. Last in the procession was a file of a dozen or more of the smallest children; they wore straight little garments of white, and on their heads rested circles of gilded palm leaves.

For the full pathos and charm of this finale to the procession one would have actually to see it—the serious little faces, so important, their hands folded carefully, no doubt just as Sister had arranged them, moving very quietly to take their places near the crib.

And, of course, when it was over, the martyr's crowns of victory would be taken off, the serious faces would smile, the children would run to their parents. It was for them only a part, a role in a charming drama. But there was terrible reality in what they represented. For they were the little children whom men in a long ago day had deliberately put to death, children as innocent and sweet as these who walked up the church aisle.

## The World's Children

PERHAPS THE SADDEST THING to face is that they no longer represent only an event in distant history. For the innocents have been put to death in our own day—and in Christian countries. Not today by the sword, of course. Sometimes by a bomb which is calculated to end a war a little more rapidly than guns could do it, a bomb which hits among other objects a school where hundreds of children are killed or a neighborhood of small homes full of children. In Germany an order was found, among other Nazi leavings, addressed to the Gestapo head of a town in Poland: "Upon order of the Reichsführer Himmler, I am sending you herewith seventy-two French children. Further care unnecessary." For there was a place where children too were cremated.

Sometimes today the innocents are not killed, only maimed. There is the Laski home in Poland, where are cared for children blinded in the war by enemy fire or exploding mines. There is near Rome a Villa Savoia, where live Italy's children who lost hands or feet or eyes in a war that was

fought to make a world safe, so said the masters who made it, for such children as these. Near Paris is a tubercular retreat for children who succumbed to this disease because they had been starved. There is one like it in Munich. In the Far East Chinese children, in the Near East Arabian children are starving; they were driven from their homes, and where they fled there is little to eat and no shelter.

If our children have been spared—at least thus far—in this horrible resurgence of ancient evil which selfishness and greed have given a chance to rise again from the dark corners of the human spirit, then what a responsibility is ours! I think one of the saddest pictures, one of the greatest indictments of war I ever saw, was a photograph taken in an English home for blind children during the days of bombardment. It showed children huddled against each other in a shelter, their sightless eyes lifted toward the noisy terror from the skies. It should certainly give pause to those engineering geniuses who see behind today's atomic bomb only a greater and better bomb of tomorrow.

## A United Womanhood

SOME DAY I hope a united womanhood of the world will put an end to this cruel nonsense, since it does not seem in the power of good men to do so. Meantime all we can do is mitigate the horrors caused by the scientific destruction of the last war.

I wrote a few months ago of the crusade to get a new garment for the children of Europe from every Catholic woman in the United States. Not for a long time have I felt such joy in my heart as when I saw on the desk of the offices of the Relief Services a high stack of letters answering my editorial and requesting information or labels and literature so that they might help.

In Prague, in the plaza before the Church of the Infant Jesus, they have placed a memorial dedicated to the "Unknown Children"—the innocents killed in the war. The group shows a mother grieving over the starved body of her dead child. Back of her stands an angel holding the glorified body of the child, ready to take him to the Home where no war can harm him.

But for the others who are maimed and hungry and cold and who must live in a hard world—for them there is still need of human help, of material nourishment, of shoes for their cold feet, sweaters for their thin chests. There is still need for blankets for the newborn that they may not die of cold as soon as they are born.

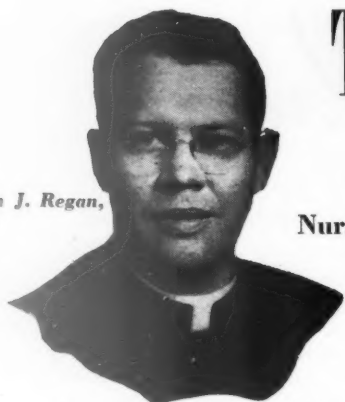
For women who are skillful with the needle, the Catholic Relief people have a booklet showing how to make many simple garments. The booklet, called "Children in Need," will be sent to anyone who writes for it, either to War Relief Services, 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., or to the National Council of Catholic Women, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

This is the feast of the birth of the Child who came to save the world. It is the month of the feast of the Innocents who died because one of them might have been that Child. Surely we will fill the storehouses of the Pope so that he can help these modern innocents in the name of those others, and in the name of Bethlehem's Child.



# They give themselves

Rev. John J. Regan,  
Director



Denver Catholic Register

An inspiring account of the formation of the Guild  
Nurses in Denver. After long tiring hours of regular duty, these  
charitable women give extra hours to the poor of Christ

by SAMUEL LA VALLEE

ON a sultry summer day a little girl was rushed into the Denver General Hospital. Victim of a bad accident, blood poured from a gaping wound in her abdomen. The doctor on duty turned to her weeping mother, her trembling father.

"She'll need constant nursing care to pull her through."

The mother moaned. She looked toward her husband whose forehead glistened with the sweat of fear. He shrugged helplessly and, when he spoke, his voice was dull.

"We're eatin' only one good meal a day now, Doc. Where'll we get the money for somethin' like that?"

The doctor hurried to the Director of Nursing at the hospital. She quickly dialed a familiar telephone number.

"Mrs. Olson, we have a bad case here. Needs one of your nurses right away. Can you rush one over?"

In a short time Mrs. Olson, prefect of a guild of Catholic nurses, dedicated to the Mother of Perpetual Help, and the only organized group of its kind in the country, had a Guild nurse on the case.

Guild nurses worked in shifts for two days and two nights. In a labor of love they drew the tiny tot from the deep well of unconsciousness. They soothed her shattered little frame as she drifted through pools of pain. Her recovery, the doctor says, is a monument to the Guild whose members give their time and themselves that others may live.

This service of charity that returned a small child to health is the outgrowth of an inspired idea in the earnest, clear-thinking mind of Reverend John J. Regan of Denver.

Father Regan, a busy man, is the prison chaplain at the Federal Correction Center in Englewood, Colorado. He teaches, too, at Loretto Heights College. In addition to these almost full-time duties he acts as spiritual director of the

Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Nurses.

Father Regan's position as spiritual director of the Council is by no means his first experience with women in white. He taught nurses for three years prior to the war. He knew full well their great potentialities.

Working constantly with nurses, he had seen their fine spirit of generosity and kindness in action. His idea for a guild of nurses to aid those unable to afford private professional nursing care was a natural outgrowth of his first-

hand experience. He knew the immeasurable help they could give the poor.

As his thoughts on the guild crystallized, a plan took clear shape. And in February of 1948 he sent out a questionnaire to the members of the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Nurses. It asked for signatures of those interested in pledging part-time nursing care to the sick poor.

Father Regan had hoped for a few pledges—perhaps a dozen or so. He received four times that many! Sur-



The highest ideals of nursing are realized in the Guild

Pat Coffey



prised and pleased, he called a meeting of the nurses who had signed pledges.

He outlined his plan. Active Guild members would pledge four hours a month of nursing care to the sick poor. Associate members, those who could not accept active membership due to family cares or ill health, would pledge to say a rosary a day for the spiritual welfare of the sick poor.

The plan provided for free nursing care for the needy of any color or creed. Only three requirements would test eligibility of an individual to be served by Guild nurses. He must need private professional nursing care and be unable to pay for it. He must be a patient in one of Denver's nine approved hospitals. The superintendent of the hospital or the director of nursing must contact one of the Guild officers and request the service.

The nurses at the meeting were enthusiastic about the plan. They were unanimously in favor of immediate organization. They nominated and elected a prefect and two assistant prefects as officers of the Guild, selecting nurses not actively engaged in their profession. This was done to obtain as officers nurses who would be at home and able to receive calls for help from hospitals.

Mrs. Roy Olson was elected prefect. Mrs. John Morrissey, Jr., and Miss Margaret Schevth were chosen to act as assistant prefects. These three were exempted from nursing service.

One nurse who wanted to join as an active member didn't feel she could because of children at home needing her care. She received help from an unexpected source.

"Say, that Guild is a swell ideal!" her husband exclaimed, when he heard of the plan. "You go ahead and sign up, honey. I'll do your baby-sitting when your time to serve rolls around!"

OTHER husbands, hearing of this, didn't want to be outdone. Active Guild membership was upped considerably by husbandly enthusiasm for the worthwhile plan.

The Guild has already accomplished an illimitable amount of good. Although the service went into effect just a few months ago, in the spring of 1948, some two hundred cases had received care. Young and old, black and white, have turned grateful eyes toward Guild nurses watching beside their beds through the long, pain-filled hours of the night.

Although all of the hospitals may have Guild services, it is at the Denver General where the quiet tread of Guild nurses is most familiar. Here the city's most needy, most pitiful cases come.

Typical is the girl from out of the



Pat Coffey  
*Two Guild nurses study book  
of assignments for the week*

state, far from home and desperate, who suffered cardiac failure after the birth of her baby. The Guild quickly took over the case when private care was needed. Guild nurses fought valiantly to save her and won their battle.

"If it hadn't been for Guild nurses," a doctor said, "that baby would be motherless today."

At Mercy Hospital the Guild was called for help in the case of a man brought in mortally ill. He lived only a few hours after the nurse arrived. But she found her services badly needed after his eyes had closed in death.

His wife, an atheist, was like a ship without ballast when he had gone. She was in danger of cracking up in the deep waters of despair. The nurse's heart was touched. She spent hours trying to comfort her. Finally, she led her to the chapel. There the anguished soul found the anchor of spiritual strength.

In another hospital, nurses of the Guild worked in shifts for days on the case of a ruptured orphan lad who was desperately ill. They gave him skillful nursing care. But they gave him much more. They watched over him tenderly like a mother. At long last, his condition took an upward turn.

The doctor who had charge of the case says, "Nursing care returned that boy to health."

Mrs. Olson, the prefect, has worked some thirty hours already herself, although the prefects are exempted from service. Guild membership has acted like a powerful magnet, lifting nurses' thoughts from the valley of materialism to the heights of the spiritual significance of their profession. In serving without remuneration, too, their interest in the needy they help is a far more personal thing than on any case they serve for pay.

Each of the Guild officers has a list

of nurses actively pledged to service. As calls from hospitals come in for help, a Guild officer culls out names of those who have already given their time for the month. She then tries to contact one who hasn't. Officers spend many hours each month contacting a Guild member to serve. Often nurses are on cases and unable to take the specified shift.

Mrs. Olson once worked an all-night shift on an urgent case when she could not reach another nurse to serve.

"I feel it a privilege to help in this way," she said. "And it gives me a lot of personal satisfaction. I think I can speak for all of us when I say that we benefit even more than the poor we aid. Surely, Father Regan's plan is a boon to the nurses as well as to the needy."

Father Regan told me he is immensely pleased with the success of his idea. The work of the Guild far exceeds his most optimistic hopes.

"One of the most gratifying things to me," he said, "has been the reaction among other nurses on duty where Guild members are serving a case. They look with sheer amazement upon a nurse who has already worked eight hours that day now doing four hours extra without pay!"

THAT look in their eyes is one filled with food for thought. One non-Catholic was amazed, then intrigued, and finally touched. Today she is taking instructions.

The Guild operates completely without financial assistance. Nurses pay their own carfare, provide their own laundry on cases. However, giving money to the cause is unimportant. Anyone could do that. It is the giving of themselves that counts, that brings real satisfaction. Through personal sacrifice of its members, the Guild has instilled once again in them the very highest ideals of their profession.

Inspired by the success of the Guild in Denver, similar guilds in Colorado Springs and Fort Collins, neighboring cities, are already in the process of formation. Someday there may be guilds all over the far-flung state of Colorado.

Father Regan spoke in Boston before members of other Diocesan Councils. He told of the Denver plan—how the Guild operates, how it is succeeding.

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if it spread all over the country?" he said, his eyes bright with the vision of such a shining possibility.

That is Father Regan's hope. And it is the wish of every Guild member that their work may inspire others to serve and learn. To serve others selflessly; to learn the spiritual satisfaction of such service.

# Christmas is like that

A dark-haired girl had helped him to forget — but

now it was Christmas, and it was hard not to remember

by LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

IT WAS snowing quite heavily as he returned to his lodgings. A Christmas snowfall, he thought, silent, pure, white, mantling the city, making the lights in the store windows seem brighter, the jostling crowds more eager, his own heart more desolate. Slowly he walked back through the traffic, reaching the quieter streets, coming to Mrs. Budge's. He shook off the snow that clung to him and went on up to his room. Opposite, the door of Abie's room was open. Mrs. Budge and the maid had been cleaning it, and there was a terrible sterility about it now, an emptiness, like a symbol. Up on the third floor, Miss Marple, the music teacher, was inciting a small boy pupil to Christmas enthusiasm:

"Silent night, holy night,

All is calm, all is bright . . ."

Something caught in his throat, choked him up. It was queer to think he wouldn't be home for Christmas this year. There would be no Jenny to greet him, bright-faced, eager, so quick to see that his love mattered more than any gift he brought her. And as for Abie . . .

Abie had come to Mrs. Budge's a fortnight after he himself arrived. The door of her room was open as he passed, and she had called to him could he come and help wrestle her trunk into a more convenient place. Sure he could, he said.

"You been in this dump long?" she wanted to know.

"Couple of weeks."

"What's your name?"

"Jim Martin."

"Believe it or not," she said, "I'm Abigail Brown. My friends call me Abie," she said. "You can if you like."

She had dark hair, dark eyes, very red lips. She was different from any girl he had ever met. She wasn't at all like Jenny. She was a big girl with a swaying walk who might easily have been too plump and wasn't. At dinner, down in the basement dining room, Mrs. Budge put her next to him. Afterward when he met her in the hall, or on the stairs, or in the street, she was always smiling and friendly. When a fortnight more had passed, he got up courage to ask Abie to go out with him. They

went to a movie, and in the soft darkness he was very conscious of Abie beside him. But nights he dreamed of Jenny still.

He wished he wouldn't dream of being back home; perhaps in his room at the Slaters', who had taken him in after his people died, more often at Jenny's house, with its vine-grown front porch where so often they had sat, and the gate by the hedge where often they had lingered in reluctant farewell. He could almost hear them threshing over at Joe Gideon's and hear the hermit thrushes singing in the twilight, or see Jenny's face that night of rain when he had first kissed her. Or the night that they had danced and felt so urbane at the swanky country club.

In time, of course, he'd get over remembering things like that; because after what he'd said to her he could never go back. He couldn't quite believe they had ever quarreled that way over Milt, who was just Jenny's cousin, or that he had said the things he said. To Jenny—the last person in the world he would really hurt. When he ran after her she was walking down the road, chin up, and turning into the field where Joe Gideon had just cut his oats. Jenny was in blue, and her hair was the exact color of ripe oats. The last he saw of her she'd got to the top of the ridge and there she was for a moment against the sky. Then she was gone.

"All right," he said, "if she wants it that way."

He'd get out. He'd go find himself a job in the city.

Abie told him she was sure he'd make good. She knew a fellow who might give him an opening, she said.

The fellow gave him a job, and he and Abie went out to celebrate: dinner in a place where they had an orchestra and a dancing floor. Abie danced well; she was warm and intimate and kept looking at him from under her eyelids as if she were amused. "Why do you look away when I look at you?" Abie asked. "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Tell me all about yourself," Abie said.

He knew what she meant. Not just about himself, he'd done that—partly. It was about Jenny; he'd never told Abie much about that, just a little. It wasn't easy to tell her about Jenny.

"Okay by me," Abie said. "Don't tell me if it chokes you."

"Id rather—dance—some more."

So they danced some more; Abie warm, and near, and smiling at him almost as if she were laughing a bit at him.

He said, "Is there something funny about me?"

Abie shook her head. "You're a nice kid," she said.

When they got out, it was a soft night with rainclouds not yet hiding the moon, and Abie said why shouldn't they walk. He didn't talk any more about Jenny, and Abie didn't ask, just taking his arm, walking along with him. When they got to Mrs. Budge's, the house was asleep and they tiptoed upstairs, wanting to laugh and not laughing because it would waken people. Abie stood in the door of her room, smiling at him, at the sudden look in his eyes. "You can—if you want to, Jim," she said, her voice low, intimate. He'd never kissed Abie up to now, never kissed any girl except Jenny. He was like that. Now he stood flushed, a little embarrassed, the salt taste of Abie's lips on his. Then, awkwardly, his throat tight, his pulse too fast, he said, "Well, goodnight, Abie. I—I guess I better—well, goodnight." He felt her watching him as he crossed the hall to his own room and let himself in.

As he turned on the light he saw there was some mail for him which Mrs. Budge had left on his table.

There was a letter from Jenny.

Jenny had written, "I'm sorry about what happened between us . . . Do you like it in the city? . . . I hope you will get on well"—things like that, but nothing about his coming back, nothing about her wanting him, forgiving him.



*They had danced and felt so ur-  
bane at the swanky country club*



Maybe he should have read all that between the lines, but, well, so what? He was here and he was going to make good. He was beginning to shake down, to like the smell of hot pavements, and the long rows of houses, street after street, and the big department stores, and the thousand and one little shops into whose windows he looked, and the sound of the organ-grinder's music outside his windows, and the kids who gathered.

He didn't sleep much. Sometimes it was Jenny who troubled him and sometimes Abie, the girl just across the hall whom he had kissed tonight, their lips meeting firmly and Abie's warm and responsive. Rain began to fall on Mrs. Budge's roof, slanted by a warm south wind. It was a lulling sound, and at last he fell asleep. In the morning the rain was over, the city looked washed and shining, the tempo of the traffic exciting. He went down to breakfast hungry.

"Hi-ya," Abie hailed him.

She had a job, she'd told him, at some plant, and she had to hurry off now early; he lingered over his own breakfast, and Mrs. Budge came for a word with him. She looked a little flushed and uncertain, then she said, "You were out with her last night. Got in kinda late, didn't you?"

"Isn't that all right?"

Mrs. Budge said, "It's none of my business, maybe, but, well, you're pretty young and I guess you haven't been around much. My boy would've been just about your age—if he'd lived. He went down with his ship. That's not what I wanted to talk about. It's you, and her."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Well, I'd watch out if I was you, that's all. She's older than you, older in every way, and from the first time she came wanting that room I've wondered a bit about her. You get to be that way when you run a rooming house. I'm not saying anything, mind you, but..."

When she had gone, in her heavy, flat-footed way, back to the kitchen, he sat staring at his empty plate. Crazy, goofy, to talk that way about Abie. Abie was one swell girl. He supposed Mrs. Budge meant well. He supposed landladies couldn't help getting that way.

Abie came to his room that evening before the dinner bell rang in Mrs. Budge's basement. "What did Mrs. Budge say—about me?" she wanted to know.

"How did you—?" he stammered.

"Oh, the usual small bird. Go on, what did she say?"

"Nothing much."

"I can guess."

"Forget it, Abie," he said. "I guess I know you better than she does."

She took hold of his arm. "You're a sweet kid, did you know it?" Abie said.

The frosts had come. The asters and dahlias in Mrs. Budge's small, bleak back area were dead and blackened against the fence by the hole where the alley cats came through; but there were colors wherever a bit of foliage lived amidst brick and concrete on which the mellow sun fell. Joe Gideon's woodlot would now be a mess of autumn flame; the school kids would be nut hunting among the fallen leaves already yellow on the ground; and bringing back scarlet branches to adorn the schoolhouse windows. The hunters would be out in the woods with the deer already getting gun shy and wary. Last year he had gone with Joe Gideon; Joe got a big buck. There are things it's hard to forget.

He and Abie took a bus. They went to the end of the line and got off and walked deep in the woods; then in more open country where there was a dappling of light and shade, then through a gate and on to a hilltop golden in the sun. Abie lay back against the golden green of the hill, relaxed, eyes closed. He sat nursing his knees gazing out over the flaming countryside. Abie stirred; she opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"Abie," he said, "you're crying. What's the matter?"

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**Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.**

—St. Augustine

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She sat up, biting her lip. "It's just so lovely."

"I know," he said.

Abie said, "No, you don't know, Jim." She sprang up, smoothing her skirt. "Let's go," she said.

When they got back to Mrs. Budge's a vocal pupil up in Miss Marple's was singing in a small, untrained but fresh soprano voice:

"'Tis the last rose of summer

Left blooming alone. . . ."

They paused on the stairway, listening, Abie holding tight to the banister with her gloved hand. When the song stopped suddenly—Miss Marple no doubt was pointing out some flaw, some defect of technique—they went on up. He looked at Abie, then followed her into her room. She was taking off her gloves, then her hat; straightening, with quick nervous movements of her fingers, her dark, lustrous hair. There

was something about her, something to which he could put no name, that moved him. "Abie," he said, "Abie, I. . ."

"Please, Jim," Abie said. "Not now. Not just now."

November brought rain; it beat against the window panes at Mrs. Budge's, flailed away the last clinging leaves on trees and bushes, and at times came out of the dull heavens mixed with sleet. At home, he thought, the trees would be bleak and bare, but there was a grace about the country even now, the elms spread in majesty against the sky, the evergreens coming into their own, the brown bosom of the earth bared against the white mantle with which winter would cover it. Soon Joe Gideon's fields would be snowed in, the village would be stocking its shelves and decorating its store windows, and Jenny would be practicing with the choir for the candle-light carols. It isn't easy to forget. He'd written one or two letters to Jenny, and she'd written once again, but it didn't get them anywhere. In the last one he'd told her about Abie. She hadn't written since. But at Christmas you get to looking back, he supposed. It's the things you've always known you remember. Christmas is like that.

He was afraid Abie might guess that he still, sometimes, thought of Jenny. Abie—well, she was Abie, and like no other girl he had ever known. He owed so much to Abie; even his job, which was going so well he got a nice raise, a promotion.

"I knew you had it in you," Abie told him. "How about you and me celebrating?" They went to the place where he had first danced with her. "Remember how you'd hardly look at me?" she said. "Gee, you were a shy kid."

"I'll bet you thought I was green as grass."

"I liked you for it."

"Don't you still like me?"

She held him tighter on the crowded floor.

"What do you think?"

The first flurries of snow came the second week of December, lingering for an hour or two in white patches, but melting at once on the pavements. Now in the shop windows gifts appeared, adorned with tinsel and holly, and, in front of butcher and grocery stores and on vacant lots, truckloads of evergreens were unloaded and price-ticketed.

Saturday afternoon, a week before Christmas, he and Abie walked downtown, looking in the windows, jostled



pleasantly by the crowds, Abie clinging to his arm. At a corner where a Salvation Army tripod was set up, a woman in uniform rang a small handbell to call attention to the Christmas Fund. A huge Santa Claus in the corner window of the department store shook with mechanical laughter, and everybody was stopping to look, to listen, to laugh—the noses of the kids pressed flat against the pane. "Do you suppose," he said, "Mrs. Budge will have a tree at the house?"

"I wasn't here last Christmas," Abie said.

"Well, let's drag one in if she doesn't."

"Okay," Abie said, "only let it be your idea. That dame just doesn't like me."

He wanted to argue that; he wanted to tell Abie it was just that landladies got funny notions.

"Suppose we skip it," Abie said.

The first large, lazy flakes were beginning to fall. "The ground'll be white by morning," he prophesied. "I like a white Christmas, don't you? I remember last year . . ."

"Go on," Abie said.

He didn't go on. He tucked her arm more tightly into his, pulling her aside to gaze in a jeweler's window. "Abie," he said, "what'd you really like for Christmas? I'd like to give you something nice."

"I'd like to give you something nice, too," Abie said.

For twenty-four hours he hadn't seen Abie. He knocked on the closed door of her room but got no answer. She was missing from meals. He asked Mrs. Budge, who only raised her brows and shrugged and then, when she evidently thought he wasn't looking, allowed a high self-satisfaction to appear on her face. When he came home from work the door of Abie's room was open. There was something queer about the room; then he saw what it was. Abie's trunk was gone. Her personal possessions, one or two pictures she owned, the trinkets and clothes that were usually within sight, had been exchanged for a sterile emptiness.

"Yes," Mrs. Budge said, when he hurried down to face her with the accomplished fact, "she's gone. She left no address. The men just came and took her trunk. I'm sorry if you feel that bad about it, and I guess you won't like it if I say it's a good thing she's gone. First thing you know you'd have done something—foolish. She wasn't your kind, and I think she kind of knew it. My guess is she wasn't any better than she should be. I know the kind, and I don't know how I ever came to let her into my house. I'm

not one to speak uncharitable about people, and specially this time of year, but anybody could see she was dead stuck on you, and I was afraid . . ."

He left Mrs. Budge stating her fears. He walked away, feeling stunned, unable to believe this. In the big common living room was the tree he and Abie had laughingly brought in and set up. He went out and walked in the Christmas streets, streets alive with



people carrying parcels, weary with shopping or animated by expectation. It was snowing quite heavily when he returned to Mrs. Budge's, a Christmas snowfall, he thought, silent, pure, white, mantling the city, making the store windows seem brighter, the jostling crowds more eager, his own heart more desolate. And, suddenly, fiercely, he was sick of the city. It was filled with people, but it was a wilderness. He had been lonely at times in the country but never like this. All the things he had thought he had forgotten clamored for his attention. When Abie was with him she seemed so alive and warm and possessive that they faded a little, and sometimes he almost forgot them, and only now and then—wakeful at night, or when some sound or scent brought it all rushing back—he would remember, and for a time nostalgia would be on him like a flood.

HE shook off the snow that clung to him and went to his room. Opposite, the door of Abie's room was open. Mrs. Budge and the maid had been cleaning it, and there was a terrible sterility about it, an emptiness, like a symbol. On the table in his own room was mail. He ran through it quickly, thinking, suppose Jenny writes me for

Christmas. Suppose she . . . Then he caught his breath. It was quite clearly a Christmas card, and the writing he knew. He tore it open. Shepherds under a starlit sky, and one brightest Star . . . and writing: "Dear Jim, I shall not be there for the Christmas tree, but I am sending you my gift and hope it reaches you safely. I had a hard time getting the one I wanted, but I wanted to get you something nice, something you really needed." The card also said, "Merry Christmas to Jim, from Abie."

He stood fingering the card, rereading the words, when Mrs. Budge called could he come and lend a hand with some baggage. Someone taking the room, she said, and if he didn't mind. He thought with sudden unreasonable anger that he would hate anyone who took Abie's room. It was a girl, he figured, or Mrs. Budge wouldn't have called him. It seemed he hadn't any luck with girls.

As he set the luggage down in the room he could see the snowflakes whirling past the window caught in the oblique light from an apartment beyond the laneway. But the room seemed unreal, as if it should not exist, could not exist—and he must be back home. Rushing at him were all forgotten things: hermit thrushes singing in the twilight, the sound of threshing over at Joe Gideon's, Jenny's face that night of rain when he had first kissed her, Jenny in blue, her hair the color of ripe oats, walking chin up and turning into the field and caught for a moment against the sky, Jenny as he had seen her last Christmas against a window and a snowfall, Jenny singing at the carol service with the candles bright in the Christmas twilight. Abie's gift, he thought, Abie with her dark hair, dark eyes, very red lips, Abie who was different from any girl he had ever known, a big girl with a swaying walk who might easily be too plump and wasn't, Abie who perhaps—and now, his pulses hammering, he saw it might be so—who perhaps was no better than she should be, who wasn't his kind, but who had cried a little because on a green hilltop it was so lovely and because, later, an untrained girl sang of summer's last rose.

"You did want me?" Jenny said. "She said I must come. She said you needed me."

Words, he knew, didn't matter. She would know by the way he held her, tightly, as you might hold something lost that you have got back. Upstairs, Miss Marple's small boy pupil sang in a high, thin soprano,

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light. . . ."

# PEOPLE



Mr. Scott blows out the candles on his birthday cake with a little help. A big cake, but you need it for eighty candles.



The distinguished elderly gentleman in uniform is Mr. Joseph Scott of Los Angeles. Mr. Scott has been honored by three Popes for his outstanding work for the Church. He was decorated by Pope Benedict XV, Knight of St. Gregory, promoted by Pope Pius XI to be Knight Commander of St. Gregory, and by Pope Pius XII as Private Chamberlain.

Mr. Scott is a lawyer by profession and has held many offices in Los Angeles. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the School Board, and others. In 1931, he was presented a gold watch as "Los Angeles' Most Useful Citizen."

He is considered the father of the Knights of Columbus in California. He was State Deputy back in 1903. At present he is the oldest member of the Los Angeles section of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Educated at Upshaw College in England, Mr. Scott came to America in 1889. He taught in several Catholic colleges before entering the legal profession in California. A brilliant orator, he has been appointed speaker at the International Eucharistic Congresses in Chicago, Manila, Buenos Aires, and Budapest. In 1915, as a member of the Committee on Religious Prejudice, he spoke throughout the South against the Ku Klux Klan. A great Irish patriot, he recalls the old days when Eamon de Valera was "on the run."

Mr. Scott is the father of seven children. Two sons are priests, and the oldest is a Judge of the Superior Court.

At the annual convention of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life, Mrs. John Jay Daly of Washington, D. C., was given a special award for her distinguished work in helping to develop a Catholic literature on marriage and the family. Later *Parents Magazine* selected the Daly family as "America's Outstanding Family." Their pictures appeared in *Life Magazine* during Family Week.

Mrs. Daly, besides pursuing her all-absorbing task of mother of six children, has done a great deal of writing on the subject of the family. Her articles have appeared in the nation's leading periodicals. She has a regular feature in NCWC entitled "At Our House." In this column she gives expression to the thoughts, ideas, and ideals of a Catholic wife and mother, with a sprinkling of practical hints and suggestions based on twenty-one years of experience. The column, she claims, serves as a clearing house for ideas from other wives and mothers. The purpose of this column, she states, "is to lighten the burden of women in the home and make them fully conscious of their important role in society."

Mary Tinley Daly was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. She came East to study at Trinity College. Until her marriage, she was engaged in secretarial work.



The Daly family. The children range in age from twenty-one to the baby of two. Mr. Daly is a free-lance writer.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## A Letter to a Missionary

by **RUDOLPH R. CAPUTO**

**D**EAR Father Caspar Caulfield, C.P.  
(Somewhere in China):

It will soon be three years since the boys of the United States Unit Nine, Naval Group, China, saw you last. I was in the group that said good-by to you on that sun-baked field outside Chungking as you prepared to take off for Yuanling. You were all smiles, as usual. In fact, you were the only one smiling. The rest of us were too sad to do anything more than wish you luck.

You couldn't see it, of course, but none of us moved or spoke a word until your plane had disappeared behind the high mountains that fenced the airfield. And then the only remark made by any one of us was, "What a guy!"

You and the other members of your courageous band of missionaries will never be able to estimate just how much you did for the boys. You not only kept us in touch with God, but you showed, by your own example, just how much God takes care of His own.

Remember how all of us griped about China the first time we met you at that bombed-out Mission in Sha Ping Ba? And you laughed, responding, "China isn't such a bad country. Bad climate, poor food, but not too bad." Remember I asked you how much longer you had to stay in China before you should visit home? Do you recall your answer? "Home," you said. "What home do you mean?" Then you waved your arm

about you and added, "This is my home. Any place where there is God is my home." I gave you a funny look then. I couldn't understand—didn't know you too well.

You'll never know the effect your coming to camp to offer Sunday Mass had on the boys. It was the one day in the week we all looked forward to; your sermon, the singing of hymns to the accompaniment of that old portable organ with the sticky E-flat key. In those moments we were out of China, back home once more, the war forgotten.

And after each Mass, remember how the boys would surround you, each competing with the other to get your ear, talk to you? I had to beg them to release you so you could sit down and have some breakfast. And even then they were reluctant to give you peace. All of them would dash for a seat at your table so they could continue to bombard you with questions. You couldn't hear yourself scream in that noisy mess hall on Sunday mornings

when the boys were "chatting" with you.

If Commander Johnston or I ever called for volunteers to go into town on some errand, we always managed to get a good response. But if either of us announced that you had to be picked up in Chungking and brought into camp, the entire outfit, including the Chinese houseboys, was ready, willing, and able. To keep the peace I had to make certain that no one man won the privilege of driving you in and out of camp twice in succession. I had a tough bunch of boys in the outfit, Father, everyone a volunteer for hazardous duties. Yet they were like children when it came to being of service to you. Eddie Palmer, Bill Duncklee, and Jimmy Carter cooked up every conceivable scheme in the books in order to win the assignment as your driver. But like every man in the unit, they had a deep affection and respect for you, Father, so I pretended not to see through their fancy conniving.

I don't know what would have happened to the camp's morale if you hadn't taken it upon yourself to arrange for that Christmas morning at the Mission. The thought of the first Christmas away from home had begun to affect even the most hardened members of the unit. And then when you announced your plan for us to act as "daddies" to the Chinese orphans at the Mission, it seemed as though each man had been revitalized by an



*Bishop O'Gara, Father Caspar, missionary Sisters, and naval officers meet in China*



electrical charge. The boys even tolerated the chorus you were training to sing Christmas carols, and once someone even went so far as to ask Tom Lavenia and me to sing a duet. That really proved there was Christmas spirit in the camp.

You probably saw it, though you didn't mention it, but there wasn't a dry eye in the group as big Jim Pyke, dressed as Santa Claus, started to pass out gifts to the little orphans after the Mass. I knew that the nuns, in spite of their big smiles, were having a hard time controlling their tears and were only too eager to get back to preparing breakfast for the boys in order to wipe their dampened cheeks. And Jim Pyke, one of the toughest police officers on the New York force, kept distributing the gifts, laughing loudly while the tears made tracks along his red-painted nose. When I censored the home-going mail the next morning, there was mention of nothing else but the gathering at the Mission. There was a blessing for you and the nuns in every letter.

A lot of the boys found China's climate and food pretty rough, Father. I guess you recall the number of boys who were sent to the sick bay for one thing or another. And invariably they'd voice a question, "How can Father Caulfield, Father Schneiders, Father Richardson, and the other Missionaries take this weather and the chow?" Just as invariably they'd get an answer like this—Missionaries are a special class of people. You and your comrades will laugh at such a statement, I know. Matter of fact, I can see you shaking your blond head and lighting up your face with that ready smile of yours and saying, "Bosh." But we believe that missionaries are a special kind of people endowed by the God they're serving with a brand of courage far surpassing that found on the battlefield. We feel that way and we're certainly entitled to an opinion based on the observations of what Missionaries have done and are doing in a difficult country like China.

More than once I would have been lost without you, Father. After Com-



(Left to right) The author, Father Caspar unidentified officer, and Commander Johnston off on a secret mission

mander Johnston left and I took over Unit Nine, several of the boys came to my quarters and asked for permission to go into town to see you on personal matters. And when they requested to see you on a matter they refused to discuss with me, I knew it was important. A commander of a camp can never tread into territory assigned to a man of God. Whether you knew it or not, these men returned to tell me that I needn't worry about them any more. You had given them the strength they needed to carry on. Some of those boys had real troubles, Father—troubles more lacerating than the physical dangers all of us faced in a war-torn country.

A visit with you gave them peace of mind. This does not imply the slightest criticism of their personal character. Rather, it exemplifies the unusual stress under which our boys labored in the midst of a pagan, primitive, civilization.

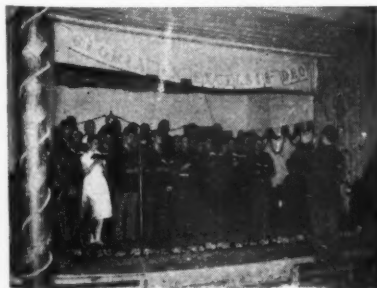
**T**ROUBLE had little respect for Frank. I guess you remember the night Commander Johnston got word his mother had died and you kept him company in his quarters through a great part of the night. Twenty-five thousand miles away from home is too long a distance to receive such news, and a man either bears up under the strain or goes to pieces. You made it easier for Johnston. I know, because he never stopped talking about how grateful he was to you, and he had left orders throughout the camp that anything you needed was to be given to you whenever you requested it. Too, I'm more than indebted to you for helping me through the clouded days that followed the news that my own mother had passed away. By what earthly standards can we measure the value of your spiritual help, Father?

Every so often a group of us, former members of Unit Nine, get together at

a restaurant in New York's Chinatown. Father Philip Shannon who served at our camp as Chaplain for a while, but was then sent into the interior, is usually present at the gathering. For the early part of the meeting we exchange tales of what we've been doing of late. And then the conversation turns to you and the other fine priests who are still carrying on their work in China. There is always a toast to Father Caulfield; and another for the Missionaries throughout the world.

At one of these gatherings someone, I believe it was Dunklee, announced that you might soon be back in America. (Note that I don't say "home"). We're planning a reception for you, and I hope Dan Clancy and Jimmy Stewart, who are part of the Committee, don't mind my telling you about it here. Not that any reception could ever repay what you did for us overseas. Still, we feel that such an occasion as we plan might give you some small inkling of the gratitude we have in our hearts for you and your comrades. We think, and I hope you'll pardon the slang, that you're quite a guy, Father. And we're sure God thinks so too. Until we see you again, may God bless you and the others who travel your road.

THE BOYS.



War-days mixed choir in Hunan during the Christmas holidays



The orphans express sentiments on a day long to be remembered

# The Passionists in China Wish You A Holy and Happy Christmas

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## SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DISPATCH

Catholic Mission, Hunan, China

Dear Readers of The Sign  
The United States of America.

Christmas, 1948. A Passionist Missionary begs your Christmas hospitality. His heart is set upon it. He would like to span the 10,000 miles between Hunan and the U. S. A. to seat himself at your family table on Christmas Day. Yes - to him if would be home. But - he cannot.

Nevertheless - Invite him! Invite him and welcome him to your home as your unseen guest. Share with him the good things you will have on Christmas Day. Make his Christmas happy. Truly, it will enhance your own Christmas happiness.

His mission labors have been most strenuous. Never did he stand more in need of your Christlike hospitality. Please do not forget him! Keep him smiling!

May the choicest blessings of our Infant Saviour be yours this Christmas. May the Prince of Peace fill your minds and hearts with that peace which the unhappy world cannot give.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

*A Passionist Priest*

P.S. It takes so little! An offering from you of only \$1.00 would help to make a Christmas holiday to be happily remembered by a Passionist Missionary.

# HOME FOR CHRISTMAS??

HE CAN'T MAKE IT

BUT KEEP HIM SMILING!

## A PASSIONIST MISSIONARY

### Your Unseen Guest on Christmas Day

1947—GUEST INVITATIONS RECEIVED..... 3,000

1948—THE SIGN READERS..... 300,000

1948—CHRISTMAS GUEST INVITATIONS....

*May We Hope for 100,000??*

#### *In Honor of the Holy Family*

a Special Novena of Masses, beginning Christmas Day, will be our humble expression of gratitude for your charitable invitation of welcome to a Passionist Missionary to be your unseen guest at your table on Christmas Day, 1948. Mail Invitation and Intentions with Offering.



### *Your Novena of Masses*

#### Begins on Christmas Day

Please note your intentions below:

- .....Conversion of Russia
- .....Peace of the World
- .....Special Grace
- .....Good Health
- .....Direction of Vocation
- .....Means of Livelihood
- .....Happy Death

Your very Special Intentions:

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

M..... (Your Name)  
will welcome  
A Passionist Missionary  
as guest  
on Christmas Day  
As host to our Brethren in Christ in Hunan, China  
I enclose for Christmas hospitality \$.....  
Address City State

Mail Invitation and Intentions to—THE MISSION PROCURATOR, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.  
December, 1948

# THE MISSING INGREDIENT

by EDWARD A. CONNELL



H. Armstrong Roberts

**X** or the missing ingredient is the Family. If enthusiastic and militant American Catholics intend to joust with the "Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State" on the issue of the First Amendment to the Constitution and its possible destruction at the hands of little Johnny Ambruzo, who rides "free" each day in a New Jersey bus to Saint John's School, then there must be a fresh, clean-cut, and correct statement of the problem.

The lazy oversimplification of a serious problem as being one involving only "church" on the one hand and "state" on the other, is indeed dangerous be-

**The school controversies will be solved when  
the rights of the family are properly understood**

cause it is an *incomplete* oversimplification. For Tito, Gottwald, Duclos, Togliatti, and the other dialectical materialists both here and abroad, there exist only church and state. If we are willing to concede this point and admit that there are only the two societies (which we do every time we discuss Catholic education in terms of "church vs. state"), we are quite liable to find ourselves in a difficult position when it comes to presenting the Christian

viewpoint in the matter of education or anything else.

The current argument about "free" bus rides for children attending Catholic schools is, after all, rather egregious and should have been authoritatively resolved for some time by the United States Supreme Court majority decision in the Ewing Township or "New Jersey Bus" Case of 1947. But there is a deeper question involved. It is the entire question of *whether or not the*



parents and the family have certain inalienable rights concerning the education of their children that are guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and upheld by the total teachings of the Christian tradition and a true knowledge of man's relation to God.

Man—every man and every woman—has been born into three societies: the family, the state, and the church. The first two are natural societies and the third is supernatural.

"The family," wrote Pope Pius XI in the encyclical *Christian Education*, "holds direct from the Creator, the mission and hence the right to educate their offspring, a right inalienable because inseparably joined to a strict obligation, a right anterior to any right whatsoever of civil society and of state and therefore inviolable on the part of any power on earth."

It is the accepted, legitimate right and duty of the state to insist that (a) all minor children be educated; (b) that this education be given in schools where required secular subjects are taught for a required number of hours by accredited teachers using accredited methods and textbooks. It is the right and the duty of the state to insist that geography, algebra, history, mathematics, and chemistry, as well as Latin and Elizabethan Drama and Spanish, be taught by those who know a good deal about the subjects they are teaching. But it is the American tradition and it is good American law, that the state can never require that such compulsory education and such accredited courses of study be taught *only* in state-supported nonreligious schools.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided this matter clearly and unequivocally in the Oregon School Case of 1925, the litigation officially known as *Pierce versus Society of Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary*. In this case, the Court held that "the fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose, excluded any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only." And the Court also held, in that case, that "the child is not the mere creature of the state . . . those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional duties."

Probably one of the most flagrant cases of word abuse in contemporary legal controversy was the rhetorical manhandling given the word "except" in the arguments of former United States Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska, opposing the principle of public buses for private-school children in the New Jer-

sey Bus Case. "There is no reason," said the eloquent Senator, (as Socrates, Plato, and perhaps another Burke, the logical Edmund, stirred uneasily in the shades) "why children should not attend public schools, or any reason why they should not be compelled so to attend, *except* — —" and here I pause — — "*except* their freedom of choice in matters of religion which extends to schools in connection with religion."

The Senator, had he been in a jocular mood, might have continued logically by saying that "there is no reason for eating *except* merely the necessity for so doing in order to live" or "there is no reason why citizens should not be compelled to attend the film showing of *Forever Amber*, *except* their freedom of choice in matters of morals which extends to staying away from films like *Forever Amber* and reading one of Chesterton's essays instead."

But Senator Burke continued his discourse with this: "But to say that parents may not only be *excused* from sending their children to public schools but shall be paid for exercising this choice, is extending religious liberty beyond anything heretofore suggested."

Let the reader observe the contradiction between Senator Burke's allusion to that "freedom of choice which extends to school," and his amazing position that parents must be "excused" in order to exercise a constitutional right.

Attorney Speer, upholding the right of Ewing Township, New Jersey, to provide tax-supported transportation for children attending scholastically approved private schools, neatly disposed of the Burke argument by pointing out that "parents have no constitutional

obligation to send their children to public schools" and "*needed no excuse* for not sending them." He then drove home the clinching argument that no payment was made to Catholic parents for "exercising a choice" between public and private education and that the only "exercise" a Catholic or a non-Catholic parent is taking in choosing private education over public education is the exercise of constitutional parental rights, provided, of course, that the private school's secular curriculum meets state educational standards.

THE points that were clearly decided in the New Jersey Bus Case were: (a) choice of private or public education for children is a *parental*, or family, right anterior to the state; (b) children who attend private schools *should not be penalized by the state for so doing*, or deprived of the benefits of general welfare provisions available to public school children. This latter point (b), by the way, was cogently dramatized in the *Chance vs. Mississippi* case when the Mississippi Supreme Court decided that "the state which allows the people to subscribe to any religious creed would

The education of the child is a God-given right of parents



Harold M. Lambers

not, because of the exercise of this right, proscribe him from the benefits common to all."

Of course, if we, as Catholics, are willing to accept the premise that there are only two societies—state and church—and no society at all known as the family having very important rights and duties, then we are bound to become involved in a morass of confusion. Because if we blissfully ignore the family—the Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Mohammedan, or atheistic family; if we eliminate the family entirely from our discussions of bus rides, hot lunches, medical and dental care, and other services provided by the state for the family (and not for the school or for any private educational group at all), we will find ourselves defensively trying to prove that *only* religious-sponsored private schools are constitutional, which is not the case at all. The issue, then, is not one between state schools on the one hand and church-sponsored schools on the other. The issue is fundamentally one involving schools supported *entirely* by public funds on the one hand and schools supported *largely* by private funds on the other. Whether such private funds are Baptist, Mennonite, Amish, or Lutheran, is hardly important in the solution of the basic argument. Do private schools have a right to exist in our republic?

**S**TRANGELY enough many would have us believe now that because of the Supreme Court decision in the McCollum Case, it has been clearly established that the First Amendment to the Constitution has always been a *prohibition* of religious teachings coexistent with secular instruction in a democracy; that "democracy" will be best attained when all children are enrolled in "common public schools" and that such state services as "free" textbooks, hot lunches, medical and dental care, and bus rides for children attending state-approved private schools under religious auspices represent an "opening wedge" in the campaign to destroy the First Amendment. They do not point out, of course, that the First Amendment says nothing of "separating" the state from morality and the guiding principles of religion.

I do not think that the widely publicized McCollum decision of the Supreme Court approaches in moral or religious significance the less-publicized New Jersey Bus Case. The McCollum decision means that the public school buildings of Champaign, Illinois, may no longer be used for a co-operative "religious instruction" project sponsored by the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergy of that Illinois community. Essentially, the McCollum decision, frightening to non-Catholics who have finally

realized "the score," is the culmination of the constant scheme of secularization of the public school system during the past twenty-five years. It puts the average informed Catholic in the strategic position of saying, "I told you so," and takes from the shoulders of the Catholic parent the need for defending his choice of Catholic schools for his children. The McCollum Case was in no aspect concerned (as were the New Jersey Bus Case and the Oregon Case) with the right of parents to send their children either to private or public schools. In fact, the McCollum Case can very properly be construed as holding that parents do have the right to choose between private and public education for their children except that *if public education is the choice, religious instruction is taboo*. The McCollum decision defines public school education, officially and in the solemn language of the Supreme Court, as atheistic and antireligious. In many respects, the Supreme Court decision in the McCollum Case, although coming like a shock of cold water, will have a salutary effect—that of making *official* (even though not sound or truly American) what has been whispered and rumored for many years—the opinion that the ruling forces of public education have been hostile to the Christian tradition and Christian theories of edu-

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► A man usually has two reasons for doing anything—a good reason and the real reason.

—J. P. Morgan

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cation; have sold their Rousseauism finally to the legal and juridical minds of our nation as symbolized by the Supreme Court.

The McCollum decision has thrown a bombshell into the non-Catholic, God-fearing families of our nation. Non-Catholic parents are asking, "Is this the education we have been so willingly supporting with tremendous tax grants? Is this the educational system that we were told would 'generate new sinews for democracy'?"

**I**N the McCollum decision, the family is the missing ingredient. From a perusal of the majority decision one would gather that there was no such society as the family. Its rights are nowhere considered in the deliberations or the final decision. The august Supreme Court has obviously subscribed to the notion that the "fight" is between "church and state," between Father X, Minister Y, and Rabbi Z on the one hand and the Champaign Board of Education on the other. In the confused wording of the majority decision, the rights of Mr. and Mrs. Family of Cham-

paign, Illinois, have been completely ignored.

Now while the First Amendment, beyond question, does protect the individual and the family against the creation of any ecclesiastical-political entity such as the Church of England, against any monolithic state-subsidized religious monopoly such as the present Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow; while the First Amendment certainly provides that the state be *neutral* in religious matters insofar as unfairly favoring one religious group as against another, the First Amendment can hardly be interpreted to mean that the state shall be the sworn enemy, the adversary, the ball-and-chain of religion.

The First Amendment to the Constitution states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It is a magnificent defense of religious liberty in its dual provisions, both plainly designed to *encourage* religion and morality in the new republic of the Western world.

Is there anything, explicit or implied, in the First Amendment or in the entire Constitution, stating that only public school education is "American"? No. In fact, there were no "public schools" in 1789. The public school system, as we know it, has been in existence for about one hundred years.

Finally, let us try to avoid accepting the sleazy thinking of the noisy illogicians of our time, the ethically confused and philosophically debilitated clique of "frontier thinkers" of the National Education Association and the pseudo liberals in the American Federation of Teachers who rammed through the fuzzy resolution at the 1947 Boston AFT convention which stated, in part, that "the interests of the democratic community are best served by having all children in common public schools." By accepting this kind of thinking and blissfully carrying it through to its inevitable conclusion, we should rush madly, but serenely, toward that goal of the frontier thinkers—uniformity in all things.

The attack on the right of parents to send their children to Saint Brigid's elementary school is but the modest beginning of a vicious eventual assault on the academic freedom of Yale and Exeter and Princeton; it is basically an assault on the family and the family's God-given and constitutional rights.

The issue, then, is not "church versus state." The word *versus* does not belong in the discussion. The real problem is one concerning the proper relationship *among* church, state, and family. If we must argue, let us have something to argue about; let us carefully define the issue.

# 'twill Please again

Items Humorous or  
Unusual on Matters of  
Great or Little Moment

## Football's Ups and Downs

► The following stories about Bo McMillin, the first told by Lou Smith in the "Cincinnati Inquirer," and the second by Harry Keck in the "Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph," are quoted in "Football Digest":

Of all the stories of football coaches and their tendency to draw diagrams of plays and defenses whenever and wherever they pause for a moment or two, I like Bo McMillin's yarn best. He tells of the winter, spring, and summer he spent trying to figure a defense against a Minnesota team he had to play, when Minnesota was tops in the nation. And at last he was sure he had it. He kept looking at the diagram and it looked better each time he looked. He was all set. He would stop Minnesota. He might even be the coach of the year. Maybe the coach of all time.

In sheer ecstasy, he took just one more look—and found that he had thirteen men in his defensive setup.

Bo McMillin also tells a story about a time when he was playing for the Praying Colonels of Centre College and was in the doghouse with Coach Charlie Moran. As a result, Moran kept the popular Bo on the bench while the fans kept yelling, "We Want McMillin!"

This went on for some time, until finally Moran ceased ignoring Bo and beckoned to him. Off came McMillin's top jacket and he began to limber up on the sideline.

"Who do I go in for, Coach?" he asked.

"You don't go in for anybody," said Uncle Charley. "Just go up in the stands with your friends. They want you more than I do."

## Television Headache

► The following excerpts are from an item in Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's entertaining column, which appears each month in "Today's Woman":

A men's haberdasher of exalted swank has complained to me that television is unnerving his customers. "I expect my clients to be fastidious," he says, "but they are fussier now than a bevy of brides. Not only the actors, but the ball players too, and the columnists and politicians. They fret over each shirt and tie, stitch and button. They ask me, 'How will it televise?'"

I repeated this lament to Bob Loewi, president of Bob Loewi Productions, a man with video experience aplenty. He said, "Dressing for television is an acute headache. Our screen exaggerates details much more than the movie screen, and we have no cutting room to eliminate the bad takes. We are still in process of discovering the embarrassments. A collar that fits awkwardly or an unruly cowlick may escape observation in the movies, but in television they look awful. The screen is still so small that interest concentrates on the principal subject, with no background distractions."

Bob and I pondered the ultimate effect of television vanity on prize fighters, wrestlers, champion swimmers, congressmen and mayors, all of whom undoubtedly will be televised in the not-distant future. Our conclusion was that the world may presently be entering an era of Handsome Dans deliberately glamorized. The political candidate whose television image doesn't flash a winning thrill to Mamma and the girls perhaps will be in danger of losing votes to a rival with sleeker shoulders and a more romantic profile. Already, I'm told, some professional men are wearing false caps over their teeth when televised.

"I don't blame them," says Bob. "Make-up is essential. At our studio I tried to convince Bruce Cabot, who never wears make-up in the movies and refused to make up for television. He came out a bizarre inky shade, quaint but wrong." . . .

Over Station WPIX during a five-hour show, the longest continual performance to date, commentator John Tillman grew a distinctly shaveworthy crop of whiskers through his make-up before the program ended.

## Animal Weapons

► Richard Service, writing in "The Cross," describes a variety of defense methods used by animals. Some paragraphs from his article:

Many of the antlered animals are capable of making the fullest use of their strange and diverse weapons. The antlers of the African oryx are usually straight or slightly curved, and about five feet in length, while those of the eland are twisted into an intricate pattern. Preyed upon as they are, these animals can put up a tenacious resistance. An African expedition once came upon the carcass of a lion, and alongside it the skeleton of an oryx. The lion had killed its prey, but in its death throes the oryx had managed to drive its horns into the body of its enemy, which had been unable to escape.

Many land animals, not so fortunate in being equipped with antlers, depend for defense on their skill in combat with their legs. Kangaroos, when attacked, stand erect, using tail and one leg as support, and strike out at attackers with the other leg. The great anteater of the American tropics will place its back against a tree and, standing erect, will reveal a pair of dagger-like claws, capable of severely lacerating an attacking puma. . . .

Some animals, should they find their weapons insufficient, will adopt a little strategy. The American opossum and the Australian dingo are adepts at feigning death. If the battle appears to be going against them they will collapse on the ground, apparently lifeless, waiting for a moment when the attention of their enemy is attracted by some other likely prey, and then fly for safety.



# Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

## REMEMBRANCE ROCK

By Carl Sandburg.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

1067 pages.

\$5.00

The theme of *Remembrance Rock*—that our American heritage of freedom is precious because it comes to us from the hands of the dying—is rich in poetic and dramatic values. But its implementation

through a long paraphrase of history is unfortunate, as history gains nothing from this narrative, and the story—even the theme—is too often lost sight of in the mass of irrelevant details.

The novel opens with the return of a soldier from the Pacific, invalidated home because of a "concussion syndrome and a guilt complex," then turns back to three earlier crises in American history, the settlement of Plymouth, the Revolution, the Civil War. The same characters appear in all the incidents, and the same note is sounded again and again—the sacrifice on which our traditions rest and the necessity of continuing sacrifice if they are to endure.

The characters themselves, though vivid, never come to life; there is no story, no plot to give them substance, nothing but the framework of history. Most people do not consciously live out their lives in a historical era, but in a milieu of their own emotions and small but poignant crises impinging on history only now and then. But Sandburg's characters have little or no life of their own; they simply exist to illustrate the course of history.

The rather mechanical "planting" of sex incidents at regular intervals throughout the narrative pulls the story out of focus and now and then reduces it to triviality. The definition of liberty is more poetic than real and impressive—it fits precisely the modern concept of tolerance rather than liberty, which springs from the bedrock of free will. The story has interest, however, even though the characters and incidents are flat; the narrative is studded with beautiful metaphors and descriptions of nature that give grace and beauty to the story.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE



C. Sandburg

## THE GUEST ROOM BOOK

Assembled by F. J. Sheed

334 pages.

Sheed and Ward

\$3.00

This is a delightful book. Specially assembled as incidental reading for the literate guest, it is packed with variety of appeal as a well-planned ribbon-sandwich appetizer that stimulates but does not satiate—fun, mystery, pure ridiculousness in satire and parody, and some serious reasoning on matters of eternity, love, and life.

It is a book one may read a little of in a hurry or a lot of at leisure. Some of the selections are so short one may read them as he reads the time. Most are somehow relative to each other, often by juxtaposition that startles with the effect of paradox. The longest, *Murder in a Nunnery*, is a mystery story with real texture, and "Reverend Mother" a detective herself in matters which the Scotland Yard man confesses himself never to have been consulted on.

The book may be the long hoped for perfect gift, for those who read for escape, entertainment, instruction, or even edification. Made of patches of this and that, still it has proportion and design, though probably not till the end will the reader see the design whole and realize that in this ramble he has arrived somewhere. It should make any reader a guest in his own room, in his own home, at entertainment that is timeless.

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

## WE'RE ALL IN IT

By Eric Johnston.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

220 pages.

\$2.75

The author of this outspoken book on American foreign policy harbors no doubts as to the international role which has been thrust upon the American people: either we will lead the world to peace and prevent another major depression or we will meet defeat and suffer the loss of freedom.

To the new world leader, Mr. Johnston has some important—as well as unimportant—suggestions to make. If we hope to immunize the workers of Europe from the contagion of Commu-



E. Johnston

nism, our national sense of economic morality must continue to grow in the right direction. "Yankee imperialism" must give way to "partnership capitalism": American private capital and productive skill in business on a partnership basis with the nationals of other countries.

Toward the same end, American labor leaders should have a greater participation in the determination of our foreign policy and its implementation. "The battleground for the new world of today," says Mr. Johnston, "is at the worker level."

Above all, America must depend not on sentimentality but power, moral and military as well, in its dealings with Soviet Russia.

The author has tried not to be mealy-mouthed and, with the exception of a few instances, he succeeds. The account of his blunt talk with Stalin and the dramatic story of his conversation with Jan Masaryk just before the latter's death, reveal the shrewdness of the one and the tragic optimism of the other.

Mr. Johnston has been a keen observer of the complex world which America is challenged to lead. His views can hardly be ignored either in the White House or on Main Street.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

By Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., Ph.D.

247 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.50

Pius XI defined Catholic Action as a "participation of the laity in the apostolic work of the hierarchy." This opens a field so vast that the newcomer is bewildered. Many are acquainted with Catholic Social Action in a disjointed way. Father Cronin gives a co-ordinated presentation which high schools and colleges will welcome as including every aspect of social action, even such recent movements as the Christophers.

The treatment is primarily practical. The vibrancy of the challenge of social action is not lost in the description of the methods by which it may be accomplished. The underlying foundation for social action is spiritual. It is nurtured by education through the schools, discussion groups, and all avenues of information such as the press and radio. Able leaders are needed who have an



understanding of Catholic principles and their application to an indifferent world.

The part on labor-management relations is factual and complete. It displays an expert knowledge of labor conditions, labor schools, the influence of the clergy in the promotion of industrial peace as well as democracy in unions. A very accurate summary of Federal labor legislation is given with an evaluation of its present shortcomings.

The practical approach of the book might be illustrated by the suggestions on tolerance for the Negro. Rather than espouse any panacea, such immediate steps as economic equality and better housing are recommended.

A complete description of the functions of existing Catholic agencies and a critical appraisal of sources of information complete the book. Its usefulness as a teaching aid of socio-economics generates an interest in the companion volume on Catholic social principles which the author promises.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN

#### A CHILMARK MISCELLANY

By Van Wyck Brooks. 315 pages.  
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00

Chilmark is the name of Brooks' home on Martha's Vineyard. The publication of this miscellany is like a consecration of his life's work, already crowned by numerous prizes, medals, and degrees. They are deserved because author Van Wyck Brooks has no doubt emerged as an American critic who recalls Sainte-Beuve in his power to penetrate an author, and to write always as an artist with a rich palette and gamut of words, and with never-failing structural competence. It is always pleasurable to read Van Wyck Brooks. Moreover his work has a distinguished unity. It is wholly dedicated to American literature and life, from the days of Gilbert Stuart to our own. No student of the culture of the United States can afford to ignore him.

And yet, on reading this miscellany of his, after the works from which it is taken, one who, like the present reviewer, has known the scenes and personally many of the men of his own generation Brooks speaks of, the feeling of admiration for so much urbanity and artistry becomes mingled with the doubt that, after all, Brooks has given us less an objective perspective of the American scene than a distortion of its relations and proportions through playing upon it the colored searchlight of his own predilections. Even in his "Notes



V. W. Brooks

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from a Journal" (sixty-four of the most interesting pages of the *Miscellany*), there is no evidence that he wrestled with the problems of letters in his day as, for instance, Stuart P. Sherman who, had he lived longer, would have met him on his own ground, and no doubt called him to task. Nowhere, for instance, do we find Brooks getting down to the issues so hotly debated in the thirties. He was thus able to have an easy and successful time of it by contenting himself with singling out "the love of freedom that has always marked the Yankee mind," what Taine would have called their "master trait," as the leitmotif of his story. With that, you may, without offense, damn for decadence into conformity so long as you may end by praising for new revolts. In fact, Brooks is no doubt nearer to Taine than to Sainte-Beuve; and, with his underlying single thought can easily, like him, swing into eloquent tirades whether about Emerson, Whitman, Poe, Amy Lowell, or Robert Frost. But the tirade is no vehicle for discriminating criticism such as is required, for instance, to point out that so much of the liberalism of the generation of Emerson, which indeed Brooks credits to borrowings from German monistic thought, could breed, as it has since done, the most heinous of tyrannies. A less superficial though probably less pleasant history of American literature remains to be written.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER



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### VISION OF FATIMA

By **Thomas McGlynn**, O.P. 215 pages.  
Little, Brown Co. \$2.50

Among the many books written about Our Lady of Fatima, this is one of the best. The author, who is a Dominican priest-sculptor, went to Portugal to make an authentic statue of Our Lady of Fatima.



Thomas McGlynn

He intended to do it with the advice of Lucy dos Santos (one of the three children of the Vision) who is now a Carmelite nun. At the time of his visit she was in a convent at Oporto. He obtained an unexpected permission to sculpture the statue in the guest-house of the convent, and Lucy visited him frequently during the ten days, watched his work closely, and guided him in making what he considers to be a true replica of Our Lady of Fatima. Pope Pius XII later blessed the statue when Father McGlynn visited Rome.

This volume is a kind of travelogue-history of his trip, but it is also a very valuable supplement and corrective of previous books on Fatima. He records

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BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C.P.

## SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST

By David J. Dallin.  
Yale University Press.

398 pages.  
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Introduction by Josée Laval 240 pages.  
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

This is the defense for Laval, the strong man of Vichy France, who was executed by the French Government in 1945, after summary trial, on the charge of high treason. It consists of the answer Laval wrote to the Act of Accusation brought against him, to which have been added official documents which tend to support his case.

The essence of Laval's case is summed up in his statement: "Truth and justice are two inseparable terms. When they are dissociated, the possibility of a judicial crime emerges." (p. 90) The inference is that since the trial of Laval was questionable even by French standards, the truth must be on his side, and that rather than a traitor to his country, he was one of the most unselfish public servants. Even without condoning the summary nature of the proceedings, it is possible however, to maintain that if the truth was against him, then justice was in fact done. What Laval had to disprove was that "Laval is Hitler," as the *New York Times* summed up his character and actions during his rule in 1942.

On this charge, Laval's book makes a poor showing. He cannot, and in fact does not try to deny that the Nazis did tend to favor him more than any of the other figures around Pétain. In extenuation, he argues that he thereby defended France from even harsher terms than were imposed. But even this only tends to confirm that the Nazis placed greater trust in him.

The main value of the book lies only in what little it can add to the record of history about France during the time of her distress.

OTTO BIRD

## BOLD GALILEAN

By Legette Blythe 317 pages.  
University of North Carolina. \$3.50

Another novel has joined the list of those popularizing the Gospel story of Christ's public ministry. Fictionizing the Roman centurion of Capharnaum and creating a rich, young merchant of Rome operating in and around Tyre, the author strives to weave the story of their conversion into the historical account of the second and third years of Christ's ministry.

Literarily and theologically, the author would have been more successful and less offensive in the fulfillment of his undoubtedly honorable purpose if he had leaned more to the side of fic-

tion and further from that of fact. Both the story of Christ and the story of the centurion Gaius and the merchant Marcus suffer from a rather amateurish technique in which neither receives the treatment each deserves. It is difficult, if not impossible, to improve upon the Gospel accounts of Christ's life; but a little of Christ added to another story can make, and has made, good literature.

Though the author's treatment of Christ is on the whole reverent, it is not reverent enough for the simple reason that it is too frequently erroneous. No objections can be raised if the author wishes to describe Christ as a muscular individual with sandy reddish hair. But when he writes that Christ, the Divine Son of God from all eternity, was not fully conscious of the divinity of His mission until sometime during the second year of His ministry, then objections can and should be made. Again, when the author levels the greatest act of Christ's public life, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, to a mere symbol or representation of some abstract idea of remembrance of Christ's love, then Catholics have every reason in the world to feel offended.

For the above and other reasons which space does not permit mention of, this novel must be placed in the same class with the majority of such books as being irreconcilable with traditional Christianity.

FREDERIC PETTY, O.F.M.CONV.

## THAT'S ME ALL OVER

By Cornelia Otis Skinner 312 pages.  
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50

Laughing heartily at herself through 312 pages, Miss Skinner's brand of whimsy, gaiety, and humor will carry all but the saddest reader through a whole succession of diaphragmatic responses, ranging from the refined chuckle to the deep belly laugh. Be it said at the outset that this is not Miss Skinner's best effort, but it is adequate.

Subjects are divided into chapters, each complete in itself, and as hinted above, several chapters could be omitted with benefit to the book and to the newsprint supply. Better omitted too, are a few scattered flippancies regarding subjects held by many to be above light treatment.

"Excuse It, Please!" a chapter dealing with telephone service on Long Island, will not be greeted with cheers by the Telephone Company. Suffering subscribers, though, will have fresh



C. O. Skinner





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sobs of self-pity, as through tear-dimmed eyes, they behold Miss Skinner's efforts to discover, via telephone, the ferry-boat schedule from Orient Point. One gathers that many ships have passed in the night ere Miss Skinner is connected with Greenport 51 by reluctant operators.

In a chapter entitled "Long Live The Sticks!" New York theater audiences receive a slap on the wrist as Miss Skinner compares them unfavorably with audiences encountered elsewhere. Out-of-town audiences, says Miss Skinner, are more appreciative and better mannered. In the same vein, "First Nights" brings to the fore conditions and abuses long crying for correction. Miss Skinner's solution, simple and sensible, will probably not be heeded, audiences, particularly first night audiences, being what they are.

Drawings by Alajálov are amusing and profuse.

ANNE CYR

### "YELLOW KID" WEIL

As told to W. T. Brannon. 297 pages.  
Ziff Davis Co. \$3.00

This is a story of a swindler. In fact he is considered America's master swindler. When one looks at the record, it is easy to believe. "Yellow Kid" Weil, in his forty years as a "confidence" man, mulcted the wealth of this country for some eight million dollars. This is not the boast of Weil, but the calculation of the police and others.

Weil, a small, lithe, natty fellow with a moustache, never used lethal weapons. His weapons were a clever mind and a glib tongue. He was an evil genius who couldn't make an honest dollar, as several attempts at honest endeavors proved, but he could make millions of the wrong kind of money. Weil was a psychologist in his own right and had a clear perception of the weakness of his fellow man. He capitalized on it. He worked the old medicine racket; used phoney stocks; set up false fronts; worked on fixed horse races and prize fights, besides numerous other rackets that he invented.

Like Robin Hood, he stole from the rich, but, unlike Robin Hood, he didn't give it to the poor. What he didn't give his wife, he squandered. The book is a history of his forty years as a swindler, and he tells one story after another that is far more interesting than the best fiction. Each exploit has a different twist, and they are told in a matter of fact way without any attempt at braggadocio. One of the last stories in the book he tells on himself, when a lady "con" actually took the old master.

This book is reviewed not simply to tell of his exploits or to admire his cleverness. It is reviewed because it

gives a good background to the crime situation in the past forty years. But above all, because it gives a good insight into human nature. It is surprising how greed can grip a man, even though he have millions of dollars, and prompt him to forsake honesty to try to make a few easy dollars. It was this type that the "Yellow Kid" taught a lesson, and a very expensive lesson it was. He reveals the almost moronic gullibility of many people and shows that much modern advertising is just a dressed-up version of the old medicine game. In brief, the book builds up a healthy skepticism and puts one on the alert for "quacks." Weil states frankly: "When people stop thinking that they can make easy money, crooks will go out of business." If you want factual data to prove this, just read "Yellow Kid" Weil.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

## PONY WAGON TOWN

By Ben Riker.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

312 pages.

\$3.50

In telling the story of his father's pony wagon shop in St. Paris, Ohio, during the last two decades of the nineteenth century, Ben Riker has made a pleasant if ponderous addition to the many reminiscences of the period. He has also brought vividly to light the fact that, at one time, labor and management had few problems; the laborer was a craftsman who took individual responsibility for his work, and management used common sense in dealing with him. The chapters which treat specifically of the operation of the shop are by far the most interesting, for the family pride and love centered, quite understandably, in the building of pony wagons.



Ben Riker

The elder Mr. Riker and his partner started the business as a general carriage repair shop which later went into the finishing and selling of unfinished carriages. It was not until a half-size model of their buggy—displayed merely for advertising purposes at a fair—was bought by a visitor for his daughter's pony, that the partners discovered what soon became their life work. All kinds of pony wagons, covered with twenty-three coats of paint and varnish, went out all over the world from the St. Paris shop, one even to the Maharajah of Jodhpore. The masterpieces, though, were the circus band wagons brilliant with gold leaf and large enough to carry fourteen members of the circus band.

Despite its light-hearted subject, its illustrations, and its occasional humor,

however, *Pony Wagon Town* is an earnest vindication of the soberly industrious individualism of the past told in rather long sentences.

ELDA TANASSO

## SHORT NOTICES

CHRIST IS ALL. By John Carr, C.S.S.R. 143 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$2.25. A series of profound but simple considerations on our various relationships with Christ—our God, our Teacher, our Physician, our Model, our Food, our Friend, our Victim, and our King. With sure doctrinal surgery the author cuts into the core of each of these concepts and explores its nature. Then he suggests highly realistic devotional and moral adjustments which will tune our soul to the reality of Christ. It makes excellent material for short meditations. And its value will depend on its being meditated; for there is nothing breezy and dramatic about it which would tempt one to use it as entertainment. It is not that mongrel type of spiritual book which aims at sanctifying by sheer reading interest, through a concoction of Gospel spiced with Tabloid. Anyone would be holier for reading this book reverently and thoughtfully.

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN WRITERS, Vol. VI.

Translated by James A. Kleist, S.J. 235 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$2.75. The monumental work of translating the writings of the Fathers into English continues under Catholic auspices. In Volume Six, Father Kleist gives evidence of his vast scholarship as he did in the initial volume of the series. In the present work are included seven writings of early Christian origin. *The Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles* is an instruction which the apostles used in their convert-work. *The Epistle of Barnabas* is a sort of tract of the times, warning against a revival of the Old Covenant. *The Epistles of St. Polycarp* deal mainly with loyalty to the Christian faith through godly living. *The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp* is an eyewitness account of the heroic death of the bishop of Smyrna. What is called *The Fragments of Papias* is a collection of quotations, the only extant remnants of a larger treatise in five books. *The Epistle to Diognetus* is a literary gem, an apology for Christianity, written to a well-disposed pagan who had inquired about the new religion. Taken collectively, these writings all merit our attention today; perhaps, at times, not so much in their general content as in their challenging witness to the faith and unity of the primitive Church.

## Reviewers

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE is a member of the History Faculty of Villanova College.

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ELDA TANASSO, M.A., is a free-lance writer, reviewer, and poet who lives in Harrison, N.Y.

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# FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

**The Big Fisherman** by Lloyd C. Douglas  
**Catalina** by W. Somerset Maugham  
**I Capture the Castle** by Dodie Smith  
**All Hallow's Eve** by Charles Williams  
**Parcel of Rogues** by Jane Lane  
**Stalingrad** by Theodor Plievier

**The Big Fisherman** by Lloyd C. Douglas  
 ► No doubt this will sell a million copies; nonetheless, it is a thoroughly bad book, wretched in its writing and distortive of crucial historical truth. It presents Mr. Douglas's own peculiar version of St. Peter, considerably different from that of the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Acts of the Apostles. To fill six hundred pages there is added a long and tedious taradiddle about a princess, half-Arabian and half-Jewish and her lorn love, her scheme of revenge upon her father (Herod Antipas), and her temporary involvement with the work of the Carpenter (peace of mind and world peace.)

St. Peter (it says here) was the prosperous master of Galilee's biggest fishing fleet, a man with no use for religion, when the Carpenter began his preaching. Peter had a brother named Andy and employees named Johnny, Thad, etc. The Carpenter's round of Dale Carnegie-ish meetings was long underway when, reluctantly, Peter attended one of them and finally joined up as a kind of general manager. He was highly regarded by the Carpenter, but was scandalized when the latter was arrested and put to death. Later he began to preach the Kingdom, which was a kind of era of universal good will. He went to Rome, was seized as a seditionist, was executed.

Mr. Douglas has rewritten the Gospels to suit himself. The supernatural has been eliminated. Any idea of the Redemption is ignored. The Church is altogether emasculated. Christ's words, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church" are recast thus: "It is upon your faith that I shall build my Kingdom." Mr. Douglas repeats his parody of the miracle of the loaves and fishes (almost everyone in the crowd had some loaves and fishes concealed on his person and, at Christ's behest, brought them out and shared them). The Eucharist is not more than a memorial toast when wine is drunk.

It is a mystery that anyone can endure

more than a few pages of the particularly dreadful prose that Mr. Douglas perpetrates. It is also a mystery that anyone of sense can fail to detect the violence here done to Christ. But there is one thing about which there is no mystery, namely, whether or not Catholics may read this book. It is manifestly injurious to faith and, as such, forbidden under the law of the Church. (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75)

**Catalina** by W. Somerset Maugham

► This is a sneering, cynical "miracle" story of sixteenth century Spain. The girl Catalina is crippled and loses her lover. She prays to Our Lady, who appears to her and tells her that "the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who has best served God has it in his power to heal you." Valero has three sons: one an austere bishop active in the Inquisition; the second a brutal soldier who has slaughtered thousands of heretics; the third a baker who has lived inconspicuously at home. The bishop undertakes to cure Catalina and fails; the soldier tries and fails; the miracle is wrought through the baker. Thereafter the superior of a convent seeks by unscrupulous means to make Catalina a nun. But the girl flees with her lover; Our Lady brings about a series of minor miracles to effect their marriage; the two become actors. Years later, when the bishop sees Catalina play Mary Magdalene, he is spiritually enlightened for the first time in his life.

Mr. Maugham has sought to make mockery of miracles and of orthodox Christianity. He not merely satirizes the errors and excesses of individual Christians, some of them highly placed, but impugns the thing itself. To do this, he fashions scenes and speeches ludicrous in their misrepresentation. Chastity and asceticism are evidently loathsome to him, and he makes hypocritical or deranged monsters of their practitioners. He commits a number of obvious blunders in depicting Catholicism; he also falsely slants his comments (e.g., saying that, in the application of relics, the idea is to get a miracle performed "by the remains after death"). What appears to be advocated is, first, skepticism concerning fixed belief, and, secondly, naturalism as a code of conduct. Whereas the earlier sections of

this invidious book are smoothly composed, the concluding chapters are chaotic.

(Doubleday. \$3.00)

**I Capture the Castle** by Dodie Smith

► In form this is the journal of a seventeen-year-old English girl with the name of Cassandra Mortmain. She and her impoverished family live in an old country house attached to a crumbling castle. Her father is a now idle novelist who, years ago, made a great splash with a cryptic book. Since then he has served a prison term, lost his first wife and taken a second, and been reduced to beggary. He has three children, Cassandra, another daughter (Rose), and a son (Thomas). When things look at their worst, a wealthy American family moves into the neighborhood. Rose, for money's sake, determines to marry the elder son. She becomes engaged to him, although it is Cassandra who really loves him. Then Rose elopes with the younger son. The jilted brother visits Cassandra before leaving for America; he says he will be back.

So compressed, the story seems slight, and that is the very word for it. But the book's strength is in atmosphere, odd yet winningly human characters, and its often hilarious comedy. Its informality has a certain charm, although its petering out in the final pages is a disappointment. Its rather extensive remarks on religion are, in the main, unintentionally silly since their burden is to represent religion as off the main highway of life and altogether nonintellectual.

(Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.00)

**All Hallow's Eve** by Charles Williams

► Religion as the very pith and key of life, and as decidedly a matter to engage the intellect, is found in this first of the late Mr. Williams' novels to be published in the United States. The book is a fantasy with a marked kinship to the novels of C. S. Lewis. In some ways it is superior to Mr. Lewis's works of fiction (for example, in intensity), but in style, at least, it is inferior since it is considerably harder to read.

Mr. Williams imagines two young women, lately killed, wandering in the half-way realm of the newly dead. There they are required to confirm their earthly courses. One chooses love, as she did in time; the other, the same hating and hateful malice to which she devoted her mortal years. They do this while spectrally but actively involved in an earthly struggle between good and evil, the latter epitomized in a false prophet who would deceive and destroy the masses of men.

This may sound grotesque and forbidding. Theologically it is by no means



wholly exact. But it does make graphic and gripping the warfare between heaven and hell constantly being waged in the world and in the individual soul. It dramatizes good and evil and shows the eternal consequences of wrong judgments, wrong choices. It has an apocalyptic quality, lighting up life and death.

(Pellegrini and Cudahy. \$2.75)

#### Parcel of Rogues by Jane Lane

► Miss Lane charts the viper's tangle of intrigue against Mary Queen of Scots by the nobles, prompted and abetted by Elizabeth of England. As the title of her book indicates, the conspirators are the principal characters. Mary is prominent from first to last, yet the narrative ends not with her death but with that of the last of the main malefactors.

The book opens with Mary's coming to Scotland to exercise her sovereignty there. The nobles gather to thwart her, and John Knox begins to inveigh scuriously against her. She makes a gallant and, in many respects, shrewd attempt to rule for the good of the people, but her enemies will stop at nothing, and she is at length deposed and falls into Elizabeth's hands. But those who used deceit and violence against her, all save Knox, perish of these same evils.

The story bristles with drama, and the author makes the most of its rich possibilities. She does not descend to any of the tricks of the commercial romancer and is eminently fair in her interpretation of the religious quarrel. The book is true to history, seriously wrought, and absorbing.

(Rinehart. \$3.50)

#### Stalingrad by Theodor Plievier

► Mr. Plievier, once associated with the Soviet-sponsored Free German movement, has endeavored to give an overall picture of the disaster of Stalingrad. He begins with November, 1942, when the tide had turned strongly against the Germans. Hitler had ordered a stand to the last man. Defeat was inevitable, horrors abounded and were ever mounting, there was no purpose in further resistance, yet fanaticism insisted on the destruction of tens of thousands—for nothing. The author runs the gamut of German ranks and units in a panoramic picture of catastrophe and suffering. The deficiency of the work is the absence of characters of stature or interest; there is nothing like a protagonist. At the close an enlisted man and a general are spotlighted as they agree to work together for a cleansed, sane, responsible Germany. A Catholic chaplain is rather sympathetically portrayed, although Mr. Plievier insists that the priest's religion was one of many symbols expressing the same thing.

(Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.00)

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# Christmas, Children,

ONE of the penalties we pay for living in a mechanized, industrial age is losing the full flavor of our holidays. A few generations ago we approached the Christmas season gradually, with time to savor its meaning, its traditions. There was an undercurrent of excitement over Christmas secrets, over gifts hidden away by the children for father and mother, over toys surreptitiously smuggled into the house by parents. Nowadays, though Christmas cards may greet us in the shops in August, the holiday season seems to come upon us in a rush and to speed away in the same fashion.

Books, however, will do much to lengthen and deepen for us the joy of Christmas and to make all the month of December a little golden space of calm and warmth and friendliness. Not all the books read at this season need be new ones; there are older books that in all households should be read and re-read at Christmas. Such are **Polish Folk Tales**, the lovely legends of the saints collected by L. Borski and illustrated by Ericka Gorecka-Egan (published last year by Sheed and Ward) and Ruth Sawyer's **The Christmas Anna Angel** (Viking), which is full of a child's loving faith and warm family affection. There is the fine Christmas chapter in Kenneth Grahame's **The Wind in the Willows**, (Scribner), and there are many attractive editions of Dickens' **A Christmas Carol**, that Christmas tale ideal for family reading aloud.

A new picture-story book that will delight both the three-to-six-year-olds

and their elders, is **Blueberries for Sal**, by Robert McCloskey (Viking \$2.00). Three-year-old Sal and her mother were picking blueberries in the pasture; so was Little Bear and his mother. Sal and Little Bear, wandering slowly along, eating as they went, each inadvertently followed the wrong mother and were all mixed up with one another among the blueberries, until matters were safely and satisfactorily adjusted. Drawings and text have an engaging humor and bring a breath of New England country.

Another gay picture book, Rex Parkin's **The Red Carpet** (Macmillan \$2.00), takes us to the city and the Bellevue Hotel where the red carpet rolled out to receive a visiting dignitary, rolled away down the street, over the highway, into the country, pursued by hotel staff, policemen, and firemen. There is spontaneous humor in the amusing rhyme and in the lively, brightly colored pictures. For four-to-seven-year-olds there is also Marie Hall Ets's **Little Old Automobile**, (Viking \$1.50), the story of a stubborn little automobile who refused to give anyone time to get out of the way, and what happened to him. The author's many drawings are irresistibly funny and satisfying to little children who take an affectionate interest in the careers and personalities of automobiles, locomotives, and tractors. **The Steam Shovel That Wouldn't Eat Dirt**, by George Walters (Aladdin Books \$1.50), is amusingly illustrated by Roger Duvoisin with large, gaily colored drawings. **Riding the Rails**, by Elizabeth Olds (Houghton \$2.50), with its fine pictures by the author, many of them in color, is a picture-book history of American railroads from the earliest days to the modern streamliner. **What Every Young Rabbit Should Know**, by Carol Denison (Dodd \$2.25), is a pleasing little story that will appeal to four-to-eight-year-olds, who always have a warm sympathy for bunnies. It is illustrated with thoroughly engaging pictures by Kurt Wiese. In **Leo the Little St. Bernard**, (Lippincott \$2.00), Dorothy L'Hommedieu, writing for children from four to eight, gives her readers a glimpse of the high mountains of Switzerland in this tale of a mischievous St. Bernard puppy who lived near the Hospice of St. Bernard and whose ambition it was to become one of the rescue dogs at the monastery. Beautiful pictures by Marguerite Kirmse. In **Play Time in Cherry Street**, Pamela Bianco tells with under-



Illustration by Gedge Harmon from "St. Dominic," (Sheed & Ward).

# and Books

by  
ANNE THAXTER EATON

standing of two five-year-olds, how they play, and how they feel about toys. (Oxford \$2.00). **The Animals Came First**, by Jean-Louise Welch, illustrated by Ruth Carroll (Oxford \$1.50), is the Christmas story told for very little children from the viewpoint of the animals in the Bethlehem stable on that long-ago Christmas Eve. In **The Angel's Alphabet**, (Viking \$1.50), Hilda Van Stockum has drawn pictures of saints and angels and children for each letter of the alphabet and with the help of her own six children has written a verse to go with each picture. Another book of verse to be remembered at this season is the beautiful **Gospel Rhymes** by various authors, illustrated by Jeanyee Wong, published last year by Sheed and Ward. In **The Dolls' House**, Rumer Godden



Illustration by Janice Holland from "The Yellow Fairy Book" (Longmans).

(Viking \$2.50), has written a story full of imaginative understanding. The two children are real and believable—and so are the dolls. Little girls from nine to eleven will be grateful to Frances Clarke Sayers for her **Sally Tait** (Viking \$2.00). This story of a nine-year-old who lived in Texas rings true, for her experiences, her friends, her parties, her wonderful doll Judith and the gaiety and romance that her pretty young Aunt Cornelia's visit brought into the household, are, the author says, the last of her own childhood wrapped in printer's ink. In **Matilda's Buttons** (Lippincott \$1.75), Mabel Leigh Hunt has drawn another refreshingly natural little girl. Nine-year-

old Matilda, her lively family, the details of parties, clothes, and food, make a fine picture of a happy household and life as it was a generation ago.

**Kulik's First Seal Hunt**, by Alma Savage (St. Anthony Guild Press \$1.50), is a vivid story of Eskimo life in which a courageous, resourceful boy and a loyal intelligent dog play the leading parts. Boys and girls who like a true story, who like to know how things are done, will be delighted with this dramatic, well-written account of Kulik's expedition. Vigorous drawings by Anthony McGrath. Another book about the north is Agnes Rothery's **Iceland Roundabout** (Dodd \$2.75), an interesting and authentic picture of the Island and its people.

**Pedro's Choice**, by Catherine Blanton (Whittlesey \$2.00), takes us to Mexico, and boys and girls from eight to twelve will feel warm sympathy for the little boy who discovers his lost bull, which he had brought up from a tiny calf, in the bull ring, manages to save him from the bullfight, and then and there gives up his ambition to be a matador, deciding with the encouragement of his friend the old priest, to become an animal painter instead. In **Ricardo's White Horse**, by Alice Geer Kelsey (Longmans \$2.25), we meet a likeable Puerto Rican boy whose pluck and determination in training his headstrong, much loved little horse, brought real help to his father in his work as roadmender and good luck to the family.

Young readers from eleven to thirteen who enjoy stories about boys and girls like themselves will appreciate Mary Lamer's **The Secret of Springhill** (Bruce \$2.50), which tells of a lively family of children, their many interests and good times, their pets ranging from pigeons to a monkey, and finally the unraveling of a mystery which made it unnecessary for them to move away from the home they all loved. In **The Chestry Oak**, written and illustrated by Kate Seredy (Viking \$2.50), Michael Chestry, a young Hungarian boy, loses, during World War II, his home, his father, and Midnight, the great black stallion he has tamed, but with the help of a friendly G. I. and the latter's family, he finds a new home in America. There, too, he meets again by a strange chance the black horse he loves, and there he plants the acorn from a Chestry oak, the symbol of his family, which he has brought from his old home. A touching story



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with fine drawings of horses by the author. **I'll Take Cappy**, by Lee McCabe and Norbert Fagan (*Whittlesey* \$2.00), is the story of a boy and the pony he dearly loved. More than that, it tells of a boy's honest struggle between his love for his pony and the knowledge that his father badly needs the money the pony would bring. **George and His Horse Bill**, by Reese Fell Alsop, illustrated by Paul Brown (*Dodd* \$2.50), is based on the author's own boyhood experience and love of horses, and this story of how a boy bought an ugly Western horse with his own money, learned to ride him and to understand him, and at last wins a hurdle race in dramatic circumstances, rings true and will please boys and girls from eight to twelve. **The First Horseman**, by Pers Crowell (*Whittlesey* \$2.50), is something new in horse stories, for here, dramatically presented, is the tale of prehistoric man's first attempts to tame a stallion and use him to hunt the mighty animals which have long since disappeared from the earth. There are splendid drawings by the author.

For somewhat older readers is Elsie Singmaster's **The Isle of Que** (*Longmans* \$2.25), the story of fifteen-year-old Tim, left to look after the younger members of the family when his brothers go to war. The farming, the fishing, the picnics, Tim's rescue from the abandoned well into which he falls, make good reading.

Books with a background of history are plentiful this year. **Seabird**, written and illustrated by Holling C. Holling (*Houghton* \$3.00), is a beautiful volume that boys and girls from eight to fourteen and their elders, too, will enjoy. It will carry the reader around the globe, stimulating his imagination and sense of history. **Little Dusty Foot**, by Marian W. Magoon (*Longmans* \$2.50), is a tale of Charlemagne's day that ten-to-fourteen-year-olds will enjoy. An eleven-year-old boy joins a "Dusty Foot Caravan," as the traveling traders were called, and goes with them to Cordoba. There is plenty of adventure against the rich and varied background of the period. The scene of **The Far Distant Bugle**, by Loring MacKaye (*Longmans* \$2.50), is Fort Bridger, a western outpost of the U. S. Army at the outbreak of the Civil War. Joe Larrabee, reared by an old scout, and his friend Dick perform a valuable service in helping to keep open the route between East and West and in dealing successfully with spies and outlaws. In **The Secret Railway**, by Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft (*Crowell* \$3.00), twelve-year-old David Morgan makes friends with Jim, a colored lad, and as a result of this loyal friendship, David becomes involved in the mysteries of the Underground Rail-

way, both boys find adventure, and for David there is the meeting with President-elect Lincoln which he so much desires. **Red Eagle**, **Buffalo Bill's Adopted Son**, by M. O'Moran (*Lippincott* \$2.50), is an important and unusual book. A good adventure tale, it is also an authentic picture of Indians and western life in the seventies. Readers from nine to fifteen and their elders will enjoy it.

**Little Duchess Anne of Brittany**, written and illustrated with charming line drawings by Emma Brock (*Knopf* \$2.50), and **Robert Bruce, King of the Scots**, by Nina Brown Baker (*Vanguard* \$2.75), are two biographies that read as easily as fiction. Mary Fabyan Windeatt has written **Saint Dominic** (*Sheed and Ward* \$2.00), a biography for high school age, and Joan Windham's **Sixty Saints for Boys** (*Sheed and Ward* \$3.00), an anthology of stories taken from her previous books, is an inspiring volume.

Folk and fairy tales belong to the Christmas season. Richard Chase's **Grandfather Tales** (*Houghton* \$2.75), collected by him in the North Carolina and Kentucky mountains and now written down for the first time. In the tales we find our old friends of the English folktales in their mountain dress. In **Tales my Father Told**, by Agnes Campbell (*Whittlesey* \$2.00), we find Irish tales of hens and donkeys, leprechauns and children, told with warmth and humor. Phyllis Fenner's **With Might and Main** (*Knopf* \$2.50), groups together heroes in every country and every time who won by their wits rather than by strength. In **The Half-Pint Jinni**, by Maurice Dolbier (*Random* \$2.50), are tales of modern magic, told with originality and humor. One of the most amusing books of the season is Robert Lawson's **Robbott, A Tale of Tails** (*Viking* \$2.50), in which a rabbit dissatisfied with his own tail, is enabled by magic to experiment with other kinds.

There are a number of welcome reprints and new editions. **The Lang Fairy Books**—Blue, Red, Green, Yellow, are out in a new edition, with larger type, well-illustrated and with a foreword to each collection by Mary Gould David (*Longmans* \$2.00 each.) A new edition of Walter de la Mare's **The Three Mulla Mulgars** is published by (*Knopf* \$3.50) with the title **Three Royal Monkeys**. There is a new edition of E. Nesbit's perennially popular **The Would-Be Goods** (*Coward* \$2.50). Robert Davis's book of Spanish folktales, **Padre Porko, the Gentlemanly Pig**, (*Holiday House* \$2.50) has had new stories and pictures added. For Dikken Zwilgmeyer's **Johnny Blossom**, loved by many generations of children in Norway and America, Ingrid and Edgar d'Aulaire have made delightful new pictures. (*Pilgrim Press* \$2.50).



## GRANDPA CASEY RETURNS

[Continued from page 44]

from there; heedless of life and limb scurried across two lanes of traffic.

Panting and trembling on the other curb, he surrendered. This sort of thing could not go on. Nothing more he could do. There was a kind of peace almost in despair, in thinking, I'm beat. It's gone. Yet he stood irresolute, dreading to go home with empty hands. He needed too to sit down. Walking slowly over to Sunset he went into the church.

Tired. Too tired to kneel, he just sat there in the quiet gloom, where through high jeweled windows the light fell soft. On the still altar the vigil lamp gleamed. After a long while Grandpa got out his beads. An old man and too weary for kneeling, just sat there and said them. He asked for nothing; he hardly prayed; 'twas just to be saying them, the worn old beads between his fingers. He came to the end and kissed his small cross. 'Twas all right, it didn't matter. It wasn't fine gifts that made Christmas. No—but the Little one, the Infant Jesus. And Joseph had no fine carriage for Him. In the name of the Father, and of the Son . . . Putting back his beads, he felt one thin dime, that would be for a candle at Mary's feet.

So Grandpa walked home, very slowly now up the hill he had taken so briskly this morning. And now in the hot Hollywood noontime that smelled of palm and sage and gas exhaust, he thought it all over, but relaxed and tranquil.

As if it were a moving picture he stood aside, detached, and saw it again. 'Twas around this very corner of hedge that the fellow came. In his mind Grandpa could see him again: the unshaven face and rumpled pants, those flopping bedroom slippers. In those slippers, thought Grandpa, he didn't come far.

Grandpa shopped short. And that fellow's talk. "Hold thy peace knave." That kind of talk, educated and smooth and a little phony, what you'd expect from the people who lived right here on this street. In this house maybe, right behind this hedge. They can't kill me for looking, thought Grandpa, and walked down to the drive, peering over the hedge. From his detective book reading he knew the words for it, "Casing the joint."

The place looked deserted. An uncut lawn to a deep-veined veranda. There was nothing there, no place of possible concealment, but one clump of lilacs or some such bush. Grandpa strolled through the high grass to give a look behind it.

From the screened veranda a pleasant voice: "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

[Continued on page 76]

December, 1948

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REV. FATHER RECTOR  
Benedictine Mission Seminary  
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(Continued from page 75)

Oh dear, thought Grandpa, here we go again. And lifting his hat toward the vines, "Well," he said weakly, "here I am."

"That's nice," said the voice, "you'll find the lawnmower out in the garage."

A light broke on Grandpa. The lady was mistaking him for some yardman sent to cut the grass. Least said, soonest mended, decided Grandpa, and followed the drive around the corner of the house. Once out of sight he'd get out with no talk, if he had to go over a fence.

He didn't. In front of the open garage he stood, not believing. There it was, and no mistake this time. Sight for sore eyes, small homely miracle, gift from Mary, his own beautiful carriage there in the garage. Grandpa's hand was trembling, fondling the top, the real leather of it.

Not furtively now, but calmly and boldly he wheeled it right around the house to the veranda. The woman came to the steps; tall she was, with a lovely, troubled face. "I paid for this, ma'am," Grandpa told her firmly, "and right here in my pocket I got the sales slip."

She did not dispute him. "I'm glad," she said, and flushing a little, "My husband would apologize, but he's fallen asleep." Her dark eyes looked bravely at Grandpa. "He works too hard, a nervous breakdown."

"I know," said Grandpa gently. "He'll be fine by tomorrow if you keep him away from it. 'Tis poison, the stuff."

A look of sudden determination came to her troubled face. "Wait," she said. "Please wait just a moment." She returned right away with a wicker case jug, a gallon bidon no less.

Grandpa held the thing heavy in his hand and read the label with silent respect. 'Twas vintage brandy imported from France.

"Please throw it away," the woman said. "No. Not that. Some child might get it. Dispose of it somehow. Pour it out. Will you please?"

"I will, I assure you. Good-by now." And that was all.

Not quite all. A sharp, brief conflict must be reported between Thomas Casey and his guardian angel. "Thomas," whispered the angel, "you know what you promised. You gave your word."

"I did and I'll keep it," Thomas answered the angel. "'Pour it out,' were the words, and that's just what I'll do. But she didn't say where. That's for me to decide." And he blandly decided, "A punchbowl will do fine. We'll hold open house."

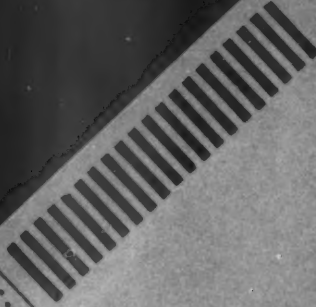
If Grandpa's angel said more, he was not heard, for Grandpa was singing, just under his breath, entertaining himself as he rolled along home. "Christmas comes but once a year—and when it comes it brings good cheer."

—END

THE SIGN

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From



## LETTERS

[Continued from Page 2]

a world championship playoff at the end of the season.

Some of our clubs are operating in the red this year, even though our average attendance is approximately six thousand per game ahead of the other league, so I don't see how they can be operating profitably.

JOSEPH PETRITZ  
Publicity Director

All-American Football Conference  
New York, N. Y.

### "Inside Spain"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Having just finished reading "Inside Spain Today" by Michael de la Bedoyere in your August issue, may I register a negative vote?

It seems to me that the author, in common with far too many people today, has put himself in the position whereby he invites "the eternal disaster a man can bring on himself once he allows a feeling which is commendable under the proper circumstances to become, anarchically, the sovereign consideration with him, throwing truth out of focus and cancerously destroying the basic virtues." (I quote from John S. Kennedy's review of *The Heart of the Matter*, page 57 of the same issue.) The feeling which in M. de la Bedoyere has been allowed to become a sovereign consideration is, obviously, hatred of Communism.

There is no doubt in my mind, nor in the author's, that modern Communism is an evil. Where he and I part company is when he condones a ruthless, bloody tyranny such as Franco's dictatorship for the reasons that it hides behind a mask of religion and provides the rich with "many articles of comfort and luxury." History provides many, tragically many, examples of religion being used by unscrupulous dictators, kings, and governments for their own political ends: witness the emperor-worship cultivated by the Caesars, the persecution of Jews through the centuries, and the wars of religion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to name a few. Is M. de la Bedoyere unable to face such a fact when it occurs in a contemporary government? When two groups of gangsters engage in a mob war, each side using different methods (Russia using Communist dictatorship and terror, Spain using capitalistic dictatorship and terror), such a fight does not mean that one of the participants is necessarily righteous or moral. It is simply a case of two devils fighting each other for power. The above is not intended as a criticism of real religious feeling in the Spanish; it is a criticism of people like Franco who cleverly use religion for their own devious ends.

(Miss) MARY E. KIPLINGER

New York, N. Y.

### Monopolies

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Re: "Monopolies Are a Menace" by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney in the October issue.

Sure, monopolies are a menace, but that is not the appropriate title for Senator O'Mahoney's article, since its contents deal mostly with the alleged badness of the "bigness" of some companies but does not include "big government" and "labor union monopolies" in his discussion.

Senator O'Mahoney displays great ignorance

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of the workings and whyfors of industrial economics and business methods. Also it is apparent that he has been influenced by association with persons of socialistic sympathies. Certainly, Kefauver's radical beliefs do not jibe with Catholic Christian ideas. Kefauver is a leftist Dixie Radical and was associated with Senator O'Mahoney in drafting the O'Mahoney-Kefauver Bill, designed to keep companies below a certain arbitrarily determined level set by the government, whether or not there should be good economic reason for a company to be big. It is certainly too bad that somebody of opposite viewpoint was not permitted to offer a rebuttal for publishing next to O'Mahoney's. His beliefs are probably sincere, but full of mistaken ideas and have definite leanings to the Left.

EDWIN F. WIEGAND

Woodbury, N. J.

## Election Foresight

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A salute to THE SIGN's Editorship for its keen foresight in presenting the October issue article, "Labor Politics." The election returns certainly show you knew what was going on and told your readers about it.

W. C. HILL

Orange, N. J.

## "The Heart of the Matter"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

With an air of finality, amusingly reminiscent of the bewigged and begowned Chancellors of England, your reviewer of Graham Greene's new novel, *The Heart of the Matter*, has issued his peremptory decree. The book, he says, is "masterly," "forever unforgettable," and "profound," and that's all there is to it. Furthermore, the decree adds—that it may be quite clear that we brook no opposition—any who disagree with us will be enjoined to keep their peace, at the risk of being accused of lack of mental capacity, because "this is a subtle book and will be misunderstood by the reader who is not acute."

I think that your reviewer should have added a word or two elucidating his decree. He should have explained that it is "subtle" to think of Scobie, the "hero" of this make-believe, as being the victim of pity. Scobie, that is, who loved nobody but himself, as the priest and his wife agree at the end of the book; Scobie, who was absolutely pitiless to his long-suffering wife and his mistress and his faithful servant; Scobie, who, in his suicide, was pitiless in adding insult to injury to a bleeding Christ; Scobie who, self-pityingly, says "I"—not anybody else mark you—but "I can't bear to see suffering but I cause it all the time." This is what is known as the "poor me" type of pity, I believe, and is usually found conjoined with the Attila or Genghis Khan variety, and the decree should have said so or, at least, have explained that it is subtle not openly to call it by its true names.

The decree might well have added, also, that only to the "acute" is it given to understand that Scobie, the convert, "is thoroughly imbued with his Faith." Scobie, that is, who is admittedly guilty of purposeful lies, bribetaking, unimpassioned but numerous adulteries, repeated sacrilegious Holy Communions and, finally, deliberately planned, cold-blooded suicide when he was neither drunk nor of unsound mind; Scobie, who doesn't go to Mass, uses his Rosary as a death-lure for his servant and says, at one time, that he is tired of his religion and sub-

sequently does everything in his power to prove it. Of course, his mistress, who has the happy faculty for telling much truth, says his faith was "bogus" or else he wouldn't have kept on sleeping with her but, perhaps, she didn't know Scobie as the reviewer knows Scobie. She certainly was not very "acute" or she would never have fallen victim to this lecherous old man, who would neither keep his faith and give her up nor give it up and marry her; indeed, he'd rather kill himself than do either.

I may not be sufficiently acute but I think that many Catholics, like myself, are becoming acutely aware of one thing that is far from subtle and that is the pitiable, hat-in-hand adoration with which too many of our American Catholic literary leaders welcome the fiction of some of our recent English converts, salaaming as for the coming of a Messiah. They give to these "oblique witnesses to the validity of Catholicism," these mediocre and transitory pot-boilers, some of which are downright dangerous to the morals of our people and harmful to the prestige of our Church, its practices, and its clergy, a dignity and praise only short of that which should be accorded an Encyclical.

JANE WELCH

Portland, Maine.

#### Appreciation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to congratulate you on the fact that your magazine does not compromise the principles of Catholicism to please its readers. I do not accuse other Catholic publications of doing this but I have noticed that your publication often takes the lead, at the risk of displeasing its readers, to publicize the teachings of the Church on such matters as racial equality and social justice.

Your fiction is another excellent feature. Too often Catholic publications are watered down with sugary sentimental stories that defeat the purpose for which they are intended. Continue to run the high-grade fiction you have printed in the past. It is excellent.

WALTER J. SCHAEFER

#### Jim Crow

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Jim Crow's Homeland" in your September issue, by John N. Popham, has been carefully read. I also note the illustration of "typical streets in Negro slum districts."

I refer Mr. Popham to "The Boy Gangs in Mousetown" in the September Reader's Digest. If anything in the South is worse than that described by Bradford Chambers, I do not care to read it.

(Mrs.) C. A. SOWERS

Richmond, Va.

#### August Cover

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I too was "very much surprised and disgusted" by the attitude of your reader from West Orange, New Jersey, but not by the cover of the August issue of THE SIGN. This critic, who mistakenly regards the photo as a "pin-up picture," seems to have ignored the pertinent statement accompanying it: "Recreation in its time and place is quite as proper as prayer." The picture which I saw on the August cover was that of a wholesome looking girl, suitably attired, and engaged in a sport long acknowledged as worthwhile physical activity.

(Miss) VIOLA ARENA

Jersey City, N. J.

December, 1948

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